

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 17, 1957

a Time Inc. weekly publication

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR



FIRST OF FIVE PARTS

THE ART OF RACE RIDING

BY EDDIE ARCARO
WORLD'S GREATEST JOCKEY

WITH WHITNEY TOWER
AND
DRAWINGS BY ROBERT RIGER

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NOW INTO THE second quarter century of his riding career, Eddie Arcaro has ridden approximately 20,000 races or, to look at it differently, a half dozen times across the continent at full speed on horseback. His racing style is a sequence of skilled reflexes performed with the second nature that a man acquires in tying his necktie. Every athlete must acquire it before he reaches the grace which makes him unmistakably proficient; and in the case of Arcaro it's been a long time since anyone was able to fault the proficiency.

Easy to recognize as that proficiency is, to make it readily intelligible in words and pictures is something else again. And that is the problem Arcaro, Robert Riger and Whitney Tower set for themselves in the five-part series on *The Art of Race Riding* which begins in this issue.

Riger began drawing horses some years ago, lured as artists traditionally have been by the graphic challenge they offer. Tower has been close to horses all his life (he is named for his grandfather, Harry Payne Whitney, whose Regret remains the only filly ever to win the Kentucky Derby). Even so, for Arcaro, Riger and Tower this series took 18 months. Riger studied and sketched Arcaro in 212 separate races at eight different tracks from Belmont Park to Santa Anita to Hialeah. Different tracks and horses demand different techniques; one track and one race would only have scratched the surface. As the project developed, Tower and Riger joined Arcaro in extended conferences; drawing by drawing and step by step Arcaro worked out the captions which explain the art of race riding.

The decision to present the story with drawings rather than photographs came from the fact that some of Arcaro's action eludes even a slow-motion camera. But an artist can set his stage and stop the action where he wants—if he knows what he is stopping. The sketch below is one example of how Riger knew. Arcaro



is putting on a "laboratory demonstration" outside the jockeys' room at Saratoga to explain "crossing," or shifting the whip from one hand to the other, a key move of which he is the acknowledged master. Holding the bit: Whitney Tower.

Next week SPORTS ILLUSTRATED begins the account of a race Arcaro never rode, the synthesis of all he has ever ridden, which now will become part of the record of a remarkable jockey and a remarkable part of the record of racing.

Henry R. Lister

Arlan/Wood, on page 9

**COVER: EDDIE ARCARO**

Drawing by Robert Riger

George Edward Arcaro, the 41-year-old race riding genius who appears on this week's cover, is not only the most famous jockey in American racing history but is also undoubtedly the best. See page 14.

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PART I: THE ART OF RACE RIDING

EDDIE ARCARO, champion jockey of them all, reflects on 25 years of riding experience. With WHITNEY TOWER and drawings by ROBERT RIGER

SKILLS OF THE BASEBALL HITTER

ROBERT CREAMER and JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN analyze some tricky talents

A SQUARE (CONGRESSIONAL) DEAL FOR SPORTS

REPRESENTATIVE KENNETH B. KEATING exposes his new sports bill

NOW IT'S EDDIE VS. SHOE

WHITNEY TOWER previews the 80th running of the Belmont Stakes

HIGH-SEAS HOT RODS

Is it a boat? Is it a car? EZRA BOWEN reports on the newest things afloat

DUST-UP AT DEVON

ALICE HUGGINS clarifies some strange goings-on at an old horse show

DUDE'S DELIGHT

A dirty round-up is captured in a great COLOR panorama by TONI FRUSSELL

DANISH DAZZLE

Midsummer Week, says HORACE SUTTON happily, is a riot in Denmark

FAIR LADIES AND ROYAL ASCOT

A. P. HERBERT describes, and ROWLAND EMMETT draws, Britain's royal meet

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NEXT WEEK**THE NEW KING
OF THE POLE VAULTERS**

At the climax of a season which has produced a number of 15-foot vaults, Record Holder Bob Gutowski takes aim at 16 feet

PLUS: THE U.S. OPEN

BY HERBERT WARREN WIND

**MY SIN**

... a most
provocative perfume!

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the best Paris has to offer

How to bully your neighbors back

A PRIMER ON SOUNDING OFF

As one of our better poets (and poorer spellers) once noted, *naamr* is frames in, and from the looks of things this particular summer, the cuckoo will really sing loudly.

With nothing else to do over the long winter months, Americans this year bought more phonograph equipment than ever before in our history. Equipment of every size and shape. Giant behemoths that spew their innards across entire living-room floors. Squeaky menads in midget boxes.

The result of all this so-called hi-fi? Throw open those French doors and listen. There's Casadeaux from the house next door, mixed with Brubeck from across the way. Brahms from the apartment above. Berlioz from below. And the sound of Rosemary Clooney from a passing automobile.

Well, it's like wives. If you're not big enough to beat them, you've got to make up your mind to join them. Buy this new Columbia "360" model. Show your neighbors what you're made of, and they might even turn off their sets in order to listen to yours:



This new Columbia "360" phonograph gives sound like nobody else enjoys. Name another man on the block whose hi-fi set boasts an audio-balanced Crossover Network (a new Columbia feature that employs two modulated sound chambers—one housed in its own individual compartment). Name another commuter who's experiencing "360" listening (the result of "audio realism," a new Columbia engineering concept). Name another lodge fellow who can "switch it on and the whole room plays..."

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SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Thomas L. Harrison, 31, devoted Phillie Phanatic fan from Wilmington, Del., was nation's most abashed baseball fan after gallant score of Granny Hamner's bid for extra-base hit cost Philadelphia ruc and ball game with league-leading Cincinnati. Moaned repentant Harrison: "I thought it was a foul."

RECORD BREAKERS

Bob Barker, whole-some former Tuffy man-of-meat, put all his 245 pounds into sky-theoretical motion, heaved and whirled ball and triangle 46 feet 2 inches to break one world record for 16-pound-weight throw by one foot in NVAC games at Travis Island (June 8).

Elias Gilbert, Winston-Salem Teachers' timber trooper, armored over obstacles on even terms with Lee Calhoun (who earlier beat him in 100-yard high hurdles), pulled away to win in 55.4, bettering 17 S. mark for 100-yard low hurdles around curve in NALA championships at San Diego (June 8).

BASEBALL

National League race developed into five-team affair as Cincinnati began to falter over a strike, Brooklyn and St. Louis perked up, Philadelphia and Milwaukee held their own. Redlegs dropped two out of three to warping Phillies, dipped out and back into lead after four-game split with Dodgers. Cards won biggest upset, winning six straight from Pirates and Giants to move within game of first division. At week's end, Cincinnati led Dodgers and Phillies by 1½ games, Milwaukee by 2½, St. Louis by 4½.

Chicago, perched neatly at top of American League standings, got sudden compasses from sixth-place Baltimore Orioles, who beat White Sox three out of four. Around New York Yankees except three in row from Cleveland, managed to salvage one of three in Detroit after lapsing into old habits but, thanks to Oriskany, trailed leaders by only 4½ games as Tigers stepped up to challenge Indians for third place.

BOXING

Gene Palmer, ex-middleweight loner who hasn't had time to forget slapping left hook he took from Sugar Ray Robinson, derided caution as better part of valor, back-pedaled his way to 15-round decision over frustrated Ralph (Tiger) Jones at Chicago.

AUTO RACING

Rodger Ward, honey-fenced Los Angeles driver, fell short of Pat Flaherty's record, but his 97.34-mph average and 1:01:21.19 streaking was good enough to win Rex Mays 100-mile big air race at Milwaukee.

TRACK & FIELD

Vilmaris's Rex Delacy, running in usual just-fast-enough-to-win style, warmed up for NCAA meet by shiver-shaking mile in 4:35.4, came back 45 minutes later to outkick World Record Holder Tom Courtney in 1:58.4 half mile at Houston for Texas double event.

Don Bowden, south-eyed U. of California string-bone, whose astounding 115.7 mile earned him flying trip to New York and long-forgotten 16-year-old AAU trophy donated by late Colonel Hans Lagerlof for best American to break four minutes, hustled back home on time to duel with Arnie Sovell in half mile, pinning across finish line in 1:48.2 at California AAU meet in Berkeley. Asahi's Merv Lincoln plied up third mile victory in four U.S. stunts, scooting past Lennie Taber and Bobby Swenson to win in 4:04.4.

Abelene Christian's Bobby Morrow maintained stranglehold on NALA sprint crown, jerking out of starting blocks to breeze home ahead of East Tennessee State Freshman Giles Cusack in 1:00 at 5.5 and winning 120 from Cusack in 21.3 for third straight double, but Continental, bolstered by Bob Getova's 14-foot 7-inch pole vault and 46-foot 11½-inch high jump and jump, took home title at San Diego.

HORSE RACING

Travis Judge, pound back in luck in opening quarter, was taken to outside by able Eddie Arroyo (see page 14), who used all his craftsmanship to keep field and bring Owner Lou F. Delaney's straining 6-year-old home in front in \$62,700 Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont Park. Arroyo also helped pet owner pay off for Miss Eleanora Jones, who wasted three long years for winning dividend on \$71,000 nod which brought her Tuckers, half-brother of famed stallion Tuckers, at Saratoga yielding sale (\$2, Aug. 25, 1954). In fourth start, Tuckers was rushed to front by Arroyo, stayed there long enough to win first race and \$7,730 purse.

Crepella, Sir Victor Sassoon's sturdy 3-year-old, rocketed out of pack at head of stretch under urging of jockey Lester Piggott to best American-owned by Philadelphia's John McWhorter. Endymion by 1¼ lengths in 17th English Derby for second leg (the first 2,000 Guineas) on England's triple crown as \$20,000 holiday leg Britons looked on at Epsom. Two confounders

FOCUS ON THE DEED



REACHING REPUBLICAN Television gets set to tag Democrat Farnell in Congressional game won by Democrats 10-9 at Washington, D.C.



FAST-MOVING MILER Don Bowden, the first American to break four minutes, is wide-eyed after receiving, Lagerlof Trophy (see above).



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SCOREBOARD continued



Tom Carroll, picture-striding 17-year-old Fordham Prep senior, slammed out of Downing Stadium chair, never stopped cheering. It on until he covered half mile in 1:50.6 at New York's Randall's Island to break Don Bowden's U.S. interscholastic record. An "A" student, Tom is headed for Yale.



Franklin G. (Pete) Clement, 57, Chicago stockbroker-golfer who controls pool-shooting dexterity as youth is responsible for present putting skills, put together pair of 73s for 148 to outscore large field of venerable (35 and over) linksmen for his second straight U.S. seniors championship at Rye, N.Y.

days later, Figgitt was back in money again, beating Queen Elizabeth's lightly regarded Carrasco to win worth \$13,368 in Kew-Forest (see page 26).

Industrialist Edward P. Taylor's Lford Cay had things his own way in colorful \$40,000 Queen's Plate at Toronto's New Woodbine track, romping to 10-length victory over stablemate Chaparral and setting Canadian record of 2:02 3/5 for 1 1/2 miles.

GOLF

Heard De Lamaza, methodical stroker, Freshman who all but owns French Amateur crown, got made from USAP Colonel Ken Smith until got into putting touch around 1st, went on to win 7 and 8 at Chantilly, for his fourth straight and eighth title in last 11 years.

MILEPOSTS

FORGOTTEN—Jack Bonnell (Jackie) Robinson, first Negro major league, once again Brooklyn Dodger who served many a National League pitcher with his stark hitting and derring-do on base-park sand he retired last January after sale to New York Giants, now purely business executive by Howard U., with honorary Doctor of Laws degree at Washington, D.C.

REPRESENTED—Harold Ward, personal two-time National Amateur champion (1955, 1956), for one year by UGA for "accepting unauthorized treatment expenses" from Employer Eddie Lowmyer, at Gird, Ill. Ward, who has chance for third straight National Amateur title but will play in U.S. Open as "applicant for amateur reinstatement," was deported at news last hardly expected: "That's their job, I come ... to police boys like me."

DOWN—Alec A. (Jack) Minto, colorful boxing figure who co-managed Edward Charles in heavyweight title, makers of endogamous (after having in retiring when Charles lost Jimmy Joe Walcott for heavyweight crown, Jack explained: "I fell in a transient"), of coronary confusion, at Pittsburgh.

DOWN—Paul Bernard Krickel, 74, longtime (27 years) master armist whose eagle-eyed bird-dogging method out beat of stars among them: Lou Gehrig, Tony Lauer, Leo Durocher, Red Rube, Charlie Keller, Phil Rizzuto, Tommy Ryan, Whitey Ford, helped keep New York Yankees atop American League heap, after long bloom, in New York.



DARING SCOT Bob McIntyre ups his Gilera around town on way to record (58.39 mph) in senior event cycle race on the Isle of Man.

FOR THE RECORD

ARTHER

101 PRIS. Los Angeles **SYNESTER CRASHMAN**, former Ohio **ANN CLARK** (Cincinnati) **BETTY SCARDET**, Chicago and qualitative target tournament winner, Minneapolis.

AUTO RACING

CARROLL SHELBY Dallas, 60 in sports car feature, with 63-mph average, in Mustang, Line Rock, Ohio **AMM HANUEL JANGIO** Argentine, Grand Prix of Portugal, in 2:08.25, in Montreal, Lisbon.

BASEBALL

SUE ROSS STATE COLLEGE, Alpine, Texas, over **Roblin College**, 6-7, for NAIA title, Alpine.

BOATING

RUDOLPH KLEFF, Vassar, 100-meter hull design, in 5:19.4-A-A race, in 2:09.20, Idaho, Idaho **MARFIA** owned by John Graham, Seattle, W.C., Seattle Race, in 21 of 25 minutes time, Vulture, B.C.

BOXING

GIL TURNER, 10 rapid decision over Yama Nakano, welterweight, Miami Beach **STEFAN REDA**, 10-round decision over Frankie Apple, welterweights, New York.

COURT TENNIS

ROGER TUCKERMAN, Harvard, over Edward Hedberg, 6-1, 4-1, interscholastic title, New York.

GOLF

ARNOLD PALMER LaGrange, Pa., over Doug Ford, in sudden death playoff, Borden City Open, Akron.

HORSE RACING

BETTER BEL, \$58,700 Chicagoan, 1 m. by 1 1/2 lengths, in 1:31 Belmont, Washington Pk. Charles Barr, up **TERORAN**, \$55,700 Argonne, 1 m. by 3 lengths, in 1:31.6 Hollywood Pk. Adonis Louder, up **LUCKY DIP**, \$30,750 Belmont Richmond St. 5 1/2 m. by neck, in 5:30 2/5, Delaware Pk. Angel Valenzuela Jr.

LACROSSE

NORTH ALL STARS, over South, 14-10, Baltimore.

SOCCER

ST LOUIS KUTIS over Rochester Uniontown, 3-0, for New Amateur Cup, St. Louis.

TENNIS

Cheney Cup (European Zone quarter-final) **Ray 4**—**Finkel 1** Sweden 3—**Demark 0**



MUGGING HEAVYWEIGHTS Floyd Patterson and Hummer Jackson measure muscles after announcement pair will meet on July 29.

BASEBALL X-RAY



A MIGHTY TRIO of pitchers: Jase Wilson (l.), Billy Pierce (center), Dick Donovan (right) of the first-place Chicago White Sox. Maestro Pierce already has 10 wins and a phenomenal 1.80 ERA, having conceded

just one run in 47 innings. Wilson has won six games, including three shutouts, while Donovan is 5-1. Chicago fans could well chant, "Wilson, Donovan and Billy Pierce make the White Sox mighty fierce."

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (5-7-4-3)	Wins	Losses
AMERICAN LEAGUE		
Chicago	5-7	215 30-13
Detroit	5-1	214 28-13
Kansas City	3-7	890 25-26
New York	4-1	573 27-20
St. Louis	4-1	579 29-27
Washington	2-6	233 17-34
B. Inv.	1-4	250 21-25
Cleveland	3-5	167 24-22
NATIONAL LEAGUE		
Boston	5-1	833 26-17
St. Louis	4-2	887 24-21
Philadelphia	4-2	882 28-18
Milwaukee	3-2	606 26-19
Pittsburgh	4-3	579 35-31
Cincinnati	2-5	236 25-28
New York	2-6	250 20-29
Chicago	1-4	200 13-29

TEAM LEADERS

Batting		Home Runs		Pitching	
Week	Season	Season	Season	Season	Season
Fox	408	Fox	304	Dwight	6
Wheat	434	Bentley	307	Tracy	7-4
Smith	417	Care	262	Tracy	5-8
Martin	440	Maxfield	361	Shaw	4-1
Nolan	442	Maxfield	362	Zerkow	5-2
Levin	440	Lemon	312	Sandels	11
Klein	353	Williams	385	Williams	12
Smith	353	Walt	314	Colville	3
Hodges	619	Robinson	368	Snodgrass	10
Martini	364	Smith	357	Peters	6-2
Levine	313	Bowman	290	Jackson	2-7
Mathews	438	Anderson	375	Spahn	7-3
Baker	400	Foster	354	Thomas	6
Cramer	387	Palmer	380	Palmer	4-4
Luckman	386	Adair	353	Adair	4-1
Santana	421	Coner	386	Coner	7-3
Spawth	402	Butt	296	Butt	3-6

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to June 3)

BEST	WORST	
Batting (AL)	Williams, Bos. 385	Earl, KC 157
Batting (NL)	Hodges, Bos. 364	Martinez, Phil. 156
Home run	Martin, NY 14	Adair, Cin. 3
Stolen (AL)	(1 per 1 AB)	(15 AB)
Home run	Aaron, Atl. 12	Adair, Phil. 9
Stolen (NL)	(1 per 1 AB)	(15 AB)
Pitching (AL)	Pence, Chi. 10-2	Shaw, Wash. 0-30
Pitching (NL)	Snodgrass, Phil. 7-4	Klein, Phil. 1-8
ERA (AL)	Swengel, Det. 1.67	Shaw, Wash. 8.05
ERA (NL)	Peters, Bos. 2.84	Quisenberry, Chi. 3.55
Complete	Pence, Chi. 8	Garcia, Cin. 0
Shutout	(4 in 10 starts)	Levin, Cin. 0
Complete	Roberts, Phil. 8	(4 in 10 starts)
Shutout	(4 in 10 starts)	Aaron, Atl. 8
Team HR (AL)	Kansas City 50	Baltimore 30
Team HR (NL)	New York 50	Pittsburgh 32
Team runs (AL)	New York 724	Cleveland 179
Team runs (NL)	Cincinnati 224	Pittsburgh 163
Team hits (AL)	Baltimore 447	Cleveland 370
Team hits (NL)	Cincinnati 447	Chicago 370

RUNS PRODUCED

AMERICAN LEAGUE	Team	Runs Produced
Minnesota (AL)	42	63
Seattle (AL)	33	60
Minnesota (AL)	36	56
White Sox (AL)	26	54
San Francisco (AL)	26	51
NATIONAL LEAGUE		
Aaron (NL)	38	62
Baltimore (NL)	32	61
Philadelphia (NL)	32	58
San Francisco (NL)	26	57
San Francisco (NL)	24	56
Marlins (NL)	25	54
San Diego (NL)	23	54
Texas (NL)	24	54
Los Angeles (NL)	31	54

THE ROOSTERS

	AMERICAN LEAGUE	NATIONAL LEAGUE
Batting	Romer, Dave 108	Basco, Jim 315
Home runs	Mart, Glen 5	Boucher, Phil 7
RBI's	Mart, Glen 19	Boucher, Phil 23
Pitching	Fischer, Ch 32	Santand, Phil 71

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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR



NO—no fishing; OK—
fishing; **SP**—
the season; **1**—
the month; **1**—
the day

clear water; **D**—water dirty or muddy; **M**—
water muddy; **N**—water of normal turbidity;
NH—slightly high; **H**—high; **AD**—very
high; **L**—low; **R**—rising; **F**—falling; **W**—flat;
water temperature; **50**—50°; **60**—60°; **70**—70°;
FF—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor; **OVG**—
outlook very good; **OG**—outlook good;
OP—outlook poor; **OP**—outlook poor

TARPON: permits. First fish a 20-pounder,
caught in Crystal River Tarpon Tournament
last week, and **FF** all along west coast from
Key to northern Florida. Tarpon season
tournament is 100-pounder caught by Harold
LaMaster of Clearwater who hooked fish on a
plug his company makes. It took LaMaster six
hours to haul the fish on a light tackle.
WYV. Pure fishermen enjoying good tarpon
fishing at Port Antonio and Padre Island out
rigger fish landed to hooked when I was 1.
Most of fish hooked are six-liners **OG**.

PACIFIC SALMON: WASHINGTON. Billingsham
season off to best start in years, and **SA** again
reaches legislation burning all net fishing in
coastal waters of Puget Sound off Cape Flattery
and delaying opening of commercial season in
Strait of Juan de Fuca between Angeles Point
and Tacoma Island until July 22. Charter boats
out of Westport are finding fish at No. 2 and 1
bays; report steadily increasing catches. At
Neah Bay, Randy Kemp of Silverdale took
longest netted Muskegon River. Inshore area
Linn Roberts of Seattle took 34-pounder on
hooked herring. Chilo Nook Bay had species
Walrus Skagway and Midway. Netting, capturing
same run, averaged two fish per boat last
week. Kings showing on east side of Whidbey
Island from Anacostia Point to Longley. P.
season first and Southern. Head at south end
of Whidbey continue as other salmon runs.
Murray Bay's Whitell Hole, fish
late in evening, good for blackmouth to 12
pounds. In North bound biggest run of kings
in four years is coming off these islands in
Whidbey Island vicinity, with hottest stretch from
Point Lawton to north end of straits to on
sh. Evening tide off Walrus Island and
evening tide off Point Lawton most productive.
Another king run reported on way up
Skagit River, with few action reported around
Tartar Hole as river is dropping and clearing.
WYV **FF** **G** for species and small
fishes in most B.C. areas, and **OG**.

WASHINGTON: Tides off Paradise report **FF**
drugs wind, with boats averaging 100 Chinooks
to 25 pounds. **FF** **G** at Santa Cruz, Moss Landing
and Monterey, with fish in 5- to 10-pound
class, and **OG**.

OREGON: **PVG**, says Coos Bay, sp., with Chinook
and small fishes abundant in area and
hungry for musk herring. Winchester Bay
reporter's excellent catches of Chinook across
the bay. Newport on Yaquina Bay also reported
good salmon catching last week, and **OG**, as
season drives toward peak.

BLACK BASS: QUEBEC. **PVP**, says muskegon
again. Leaving fish at action in heavy run.

PENNSYLVANIA: 260 June 15 and **OG** in streams
are in late stage after last week's heavy rains.

FLORIDA: 6-point 10000 large-mouthed trout
to cat in White Dolly with peak run started
last week, this set new record for TVA's South
Frisco Lake. **FF** at Norris Lake, with south
good results reported by day and night shifts.
In general, **OG**, until bad weather drives bass
into deep water.

GEORGIA: Clear Shoals and Milledgeville lakes
producing well. Mead, Hartman and Mohave
Lakes and San Diego County reservoirs are also
worth a visit, and **OG** through June.

ILLINOIS: Hawk Lake in north-east Florida have
disrupted bass prospects but central and southern
area spots report **FF** **OG**.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BEDFORD. Season
now open on all New Bedford rivers,
and at 1000 p.m. with opens June 15 to 16.

real large fish have been taken at pool created by construction just below Beechwood power dam on St. John River; fish elevator in dam, now nearly completed, will let salmon move through into Tobique River system. FWP on Miramichi, says elsewhere, and OF until about June 30.

STRIPED BASS: CALIFORNIA: New series of runs takes that started last Sunday should wrap up again in San Francisco area; same location is off Mission Rock. Wind hampered trolling on San Pablo Bay but a lot of smaller fish were taken on channel spoons on Contra Costa side. Microstruma Slough improving, and OG, FF in Delta as fish are moving off.

NY YORK: Montauk waters still with stripers, declares happy angler, with plenty of fish in 30 to 40-pound class and one 40-pounder taken from surf on south side. Entire south side is fairly hot as migration skews northward in pursuit of spawning run and surfers utilize baiting series. OVG through July 4, when main migration will have passed.

MARYLAND: Strippers to 50 pounds striking merrily from Chesapeake Bay Bridge south to Plover Island, but best bet for fast action is between Bloody Point Light and the "Wild Grounds" at mouth of eastern bay. Extra-large spoons to size 50 continue as most favored lure. If you catch a recently released 10-pounder with a diamond-studded gold tag in lower jaw, a Baltimore brewery will pay you \$25,000.

NEW JERSEY: Exceptionally good trolling for heavy bass continues off Sandy Hook, with big file up just off the hook producing heavily. Bass are averaging better than 30 pounds. Ryeview River fishing continues good, especially at Highlands and Sealight-Humans inlets.

TROUT: PENNSYLVANIA: Stream conditions excellent throughout Allegheny National Forest and north central and central counties, with WT 60 to 70, and water levels slightly below normal. Nymph fishermen doing brisk business on Penn's Creek in Union County. Fishing Creek in Clinton County and Ryeport Creek in Chester County. Large May flies are on most streams but few fish are surface-feeding and dry-fly men are tying on spiders or big Mayflies. In central Pennsylvania the upper Tuscarora produced five brownies from 22 to 35 inches last week, all on live minnows or spinners. OG.

CALIFORNIA: Most streams still H and R as hot weather promotes snow-melted runoff. Lakes hot but FF at most popular roadside waters. Best bets are Bridgeport and Grant lakes on east slope, Alamo and Shasta in north. Best streams are West Branch and Deer Creek in Butte County. South Fork of Kings, Kaweah and Tule rivers, Big Bear and Arrowhead are top southern California waters.

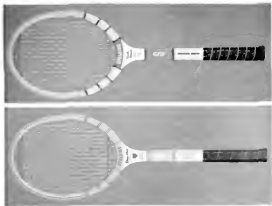
NEW YORK: Beaverkill and Schoharie were hot at season's peak from last week, but will be on downgrade from now until fall, with most action concentrated at evening and early morning emerger for cool, overcast days. FF on west branch of Aquatic last week, but Green Drake hatch should be in full swing night now and fishing should continue good through June. FG and OG on Esopus, with WT 50-55 below. Partial, abundant hatches and wet and dry flies producing equally well. Top patterns are Quill Cordie, Woodruffian, Light and Dark Gull and Royal Coachman after dark.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: Brook trout and rainbow fishing excellent in ponds south of White Mountain, with Carroll and Grafton county waters especially good. North of mountain, FF-P because of continuing cold. Stream fishing improving, but ponds are still best bet.

VIRGINIA: Current hot spots for big rainbows are upper end of Oyster Creek in South Dumfries area, Echo Lake at Charlottesville and Seymour Lake at Morgan. Brown trout fishing excellent in White River vicinity of Roanoke, Grandville, Bethel, Stockbridge and Gayaville. In general, FG and OG.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

3—Fred C. Clegg, 4—V. H. H. P. 6—Norman U.S. 7—Edgar G. G. 8—Central 9—H. H. 10—H. H. 11—H. H. 12—H. H. 13—H. H. 14—H. H. 15—H. H. 16—H. H. 17—H. H. 18—H. H. 19—H. H. 20—H. H. 21—H. H. 22—H. H. 23—H. H. 24—H. H. 25—H. H. 26—H. H. 27—H. H. 28—H. H. 29—H. H. 30—H. H. 31—H. H. 32—H. H. 33—H. H. 34—H. H. 35—H. H. 36—H. H. 37—H. H. 38—H. H. 39—H. H. 40—H. H. 41—H. H. 42—H. H. 43—H. H. 44—H. H. 45—H. H. 46—H. H. 47—H. H. 48—H. H. 49—H. H. 50—H. H. 51—H. H. 52—H. H. 53—H. H. 54—H. H. 55—H. H. 56—H. H. 57—H. H. 58—H. H. 59—H. H. 60—H. H. 61—H. H. 62—H. H. 63—H. H. 64—H. H. 65—H. H. 66—H. H. 67—H. H. 68—H. H. 69—H. H. 70—H. H. 71—H. H. 72—H. H. 73—H. H. 74—H. H. 75—H. H. 76—H. H. 77—H. H. 78—H. H. 79—H. H. 80—H. H. 81—H. H. 82—H. H. 83—H. H. 84—H. H. 85—H. H. 86—H. H. 87—H. H. 88—H. H. 89—H. H. 90—H. H. 91—H. H. 92—H. H. 93—H. H. 94—H. H. 95—H. H. 96—H. H. 97—H. H. 98—H. H. 99—H. H. 100—H. H. 101—H. H. 102—H. H. 103—H. H. 104—H. H. 105—H. H. 106—H. H. 107—H. H. 108—H. H. 109—H. H. 110—H. 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COMING EVENTS

June 14 through June 23

FRIDAY, JUNE 14

Auto Racing

NASCAR Convertible Dance Race: Rochester
NASCAR Grand National Division Race: Charlotte, NC
NASCAR Short Track Division Race: Toronto

Boxing

• Tony Belts vs. Yvon Dutille: light Heavyweights (12
• Ed J. Debut: 10 p.m. (NBC)

Horse Racing

Georgetown Steeplechase Handicap: \$10,000 4-yr. old &
up about 2 m. Gateway Park, Del.
(ESPN)

The Rough Runner: \$7,500 Detroit

Track & Field

NCAA Championships: Austin, Texas (through June 15)

SATURDAY, JUNE 15

Auto Racing

NASCAR Short Track Division Race: Buffalo
NASCAR Short Track Division Race: Walnut Creek, Calif.
National SCCA H&M Club: America Wn (through June 15)
National SCCA H&M Club: NH Open: Wn (through June 15)
SCCA Southern Festival Race: St. Simons Island, Ga.
(through June 16)

Baseball

• New York Giants vs. Cincinnati Redlegs: New York 1:55
p.m. (Major)

• Philadelphia Phillies vs. Milwaukee Braves: Philadelphia
1:45 p.m. (CBS)

• Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Chicago Cubs: Pittsburgh 1:25
p.m. (NBC)

Boxing

Alfredo Delgado: Yacht Club, Sebring, Sevens, Atlantic
Wilmington, N.J. (through June 16)

Baseball

Central Cal State P.A. Regatta: Tucson
Vols vs. Harvard: New London, Conn.

Boxing

Real Mates vs. Jimmy Urqu: Bantamweight (145
lbs.) San Francisco

Golf

National Fox Wes Championship: Orlando, Fla. (through
June 16)

• U.S. Open: \$25,000 final day Toledo 4 p.m. (NBC)

Horse Racing

• Belmont Turf Handicap: \$10,000 3-yr. old & up 1 1/4
m. (off course): Washington Park, NY 8:30 p.m. (NBC)

El Grande Handicap: \$25,000 3-yr. old & up 1 1/4 m. Fair
mount Park, Calif.

• The Belmont Stakes: \$100,000 3-yr. old & up 1 1/4 m. Bel-
mont Park, N.Y. 3:30 p.m. (CBS)

• San Geronimo: \$25,000 3-yr. old horses 1 1/4 m. Gateway
Park, Del. 5:30 p.m. (NBC)

Track & Field

Penn. Coast vs. Calicut-Canbridge: Philadelphia

SUNDAY, JUNE 16

Baseball

• Brooklyn Dodgers vs. St. Louis Cardinals: Brooklyn, 2
p.m. (Playoff)

Boxing

New York A.C. Grow Regatta: Fulton Bay, N.Y.
Louis Adams: Tacti Race: Capehart Lake Newport, RI
(to Saturday, Spain)

Dog Show

Woburn County Kennel Club Show: Concord, Mass.

MONDAY, JUNE 17

Boxing

• Jimmy Belts vs. Tony De Cole: welterweights (130 lbs.)
St. Louis 1, New York 10:30 p.m. (Playoff)

• Ed Gardner vs. Walter Montoya: welterweights (130 lbs.)
Jersey City, N.J.

Golf

Southern Golf Assn. Championships: Roanoke Beach, Fla.
(through June 22)

Horse Racing

Georgetown Handicap: \$15,000 3-yr. old horses 7 f. An-
napolis Park, Md.

Trotting Handicap: \$20,000 3-yr. old & up 4 f. Bel-
mont Park, N.Y.

Tennis

NCAA Championships: Salt Lake City (through June 22)
USTA Intercollegiate Championships: Charlottesville, Va.
(through June 22)

continued



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is as fine as a man's racket
as money can buy. It fea-
tures a fine laminated con-
struction of selected hard-
wood strips with one fibre
strip for extra strength. And this fine
racket is perfectly balanced so you stroke
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especially weighted for a
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with white shoulder con-
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COMING EVENTS

continued

TUESDAY, JUNE 18

Auto Racing
NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Northville, Va.

Baseball

- Chicago Cubs vs. Philadelphia Phillies, Chicago, 7:25 p.m. (NBC)

Horse Racing

Hollywood Oaks, \$20,000, 3-yr.-old fillies, 1 1/4 m., Hollywood Park, Calif.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 19

Baseball

- New York Yankees vs. Detroit Tigers, New York, 1:55 p.m. (NBC)

Racing

- Joe Meek vs. Orlando Zuleta, lightweight title (15 lbs.), 10 p.m. (ABC)

Horse Racing

Columbus Handicap, \$15,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.

THURSDAY, JUNE 20

Auto Racing

NASCAR Grand National Division Race, Columbus, S.C.

Baseball

- Boston Red Sox vs. Cleveland Indians, Boston, 3:55 p.m. (NBC)

Golf

Cutting Open Tournament, \$37,000, Royal, Mich. (through June 23)

Horse Racing

Norfolk Stakes, \$20,000 2-yr. old colts & fillies, 1 1/4 m., Hollywood Park, Calif. (NBC)

Hockey

1978 National Merkle Tournament, Seattle (through June 23)

FRIDAY, JUNE 21

Baseball

- Chicago Cubs vs. New York Giants, Chicago, 2:25 p.m. (NBC)

Racing

- Joe Garbarino vs. Barry Calhoun, middleweight (16 lbs.), 10 p.m. (ABC)

Horse Show

Fairfield Horse Show, Fairfield, Conn. (through June 24)

Track & Field

National AAU Meet, Dayton (through June 22)

SATURDAY, JUNE 22

Auto Racing

SCCA National Championship, 150-mile race, Elgin, Ill. (through June 19)

Baseball

- Milwaukee Braves vs. Philadelphia Phillies, Milwaukee, 2:25 p.m. (NBC)

Horse Racing

New York Yankees vs. Chicago White Sox, New York, 1:55 p.m. (NBC)

Golf

24 Hours Golf, St. Louis, 10 p.m. (ABC)

Baseball

San Francisco Giants vs. New York Yankees, San Francisco, 10 p.m. (ABC)

Horse Racing

Coaching Club Oaks, \$50,000, 3-yr.-old fillies, 1 1/4 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.

Golf

1978 National Merkle Tournament, Seattle (through June 23)

Horse Racing

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1978 National Merkle Tournament, Seattle (through June 23)

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SUNDAY, JUNE 23

Baseball

- New York Yankees vs. Chicago White Sox, New York, 2 p.m. (NBC)

Golf Show

Staten Island Kennel Club Show, Staten Island, N.Y.

Golf

NCAA Championships, Colorado Springs, Colo. (through June 21)

Motorcycling

National Championship 300-mile Road Race, Leavenworth, Pa.

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ALL TIMES E.S.T. EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE NOTED

JUNE 17, 1977



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THE ART OF RACE RIDING

by Eddie Arcaro

For the first time the most successful jockey of his generation—and one of the greatest in all Thoroughbred racing history—is going to pass along to racing fans, for their enjoyment and education, a distillation of 25 years of skills and experiences as the unsurpassed master of a dangerous profession. Author-Rider Eddie Arcaro, who has collaborated closely on this five-part series with Sports Illustrated Turl Editor Whitney Tower and Artist Robert Riger, believes—as we do—that their mutual efforts may be the first completely authoritative piece of illustrated writing on the extremely popular but little understood sport of horse racing. But before he undertook this demanding assignment, Arcaro insisted on making clear to us his personal feelings on the project. “I don’t need personal publicity and I don’t want anyone thinking that I set myself up as the last word on what jocks should do. I’ll tell you what I think, what I do—and why I do it—only because I want to do something for racing. Whether or not this series does anything for another jock, if it’ll help people understand something about this sport, then I’m all for it. I’ll get with it all I can.”

Following this week’s Part I, in which Arcaro draws his class together to explain something of his philosophy on “The Art of Race Riding,” he will take up in the four succeeding weeks (see page 38) the specific details of a theoretical race—one of about 1,000 in which he rides every year.

—THE EDITORS

PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUIS DEAN—LIFE

CLASSICAL PORTRAIT of Arcaro in the stable men at Longchamp prior to his 1956 ride in the Prix de l’Arc de Triomphe.

I SUPPOSE I may surprise most of the people who go racing when I say that the act of riding a horse—even a race horse—is basically very easy. You see, riding is primarily a matter of balance, and any man, woman or child with any feel or sense of athletic coordination can learn to ride well in an amazingly short time. But exercising a race horse on a training track, for example, and riding the same horse in a race are as different as night and day, so you can understand how discouraging it is for most riders to hear a lot of racing fans talk about horses as if they were automobiles and about the jocks as though all we had to do was step on the accelerator and the jock with the fastest horse automatically wins.

The fastest horse, perfectly true, should win. But his speed alone won’t get him the money. His speed—together with his jock’s judgment—can. Let me put it another way. I believe that 80% of the time the outcome of a race depends on the individual thinking on the part of the jockey on the best horse.

I assume straightaway that you’ve got to be on the best horse—or on one of the best horses—in order to win anyway. You don’t win on bums. So, for the jocks on the top contenders in any race, unless there’s one real standout like a Citation in the race, it’ll be good judgment or what I call generalship, plus the usual amount of racing luck, that will win for them. And most jocks and other race-trainers can go back over and over again to races that have meant something to them and see plain as day where one little thing done wrong or done right decided the final result. Turning this around another way, it’s plain to me that the jock with the best judgment—and this includes the ability to notice your opposition’s errors and take

continued

THE ART OF RACE RIDING

continued

advantage of them—can often win even though he may not be on the best horse.

For a long time some people have been flattering me by saying I'm the greatest jockey in the world and sticking such tags on me as The Master and Heady Eddie. Well, naturally, I'm pleased to have a reputation as a champion. Anyone would be. But when you come right down to it, who is to say who is the greatest? My reputation comes largely from the fact that I've had more stakes winners than anyone else and have been lucky enough to get on the best horses. Race riding cannot be an art that everyone can pick up. There has to be something to bring a good rider, because for the past five years, anyway, you see Hartack and Shoemaker at the top of the list and you know perfectly well that they must have something that is lacking in other boys who came along at the same time they did. Anybody who's been at the top of a profession for 10 or 15 years without losing that edge must have something. There must be an edge somewhere. Where that edge is for sure I wouldn't swear to, but I've always thought it must be in judgment rather than in riding ability. Shucks, if you

have a horse that figures to be a length the best, no jock on earth—I don't care who he is—can shuffle that horse around and give him three or four lengths the worst of it and still win, because that horse, sure as anything, is going to get beat.

Recently a fellow asked me if I thought there was any jockey smarter than I when it comes to riding in the big races. This is tough to answer without appearing conceited. I hope I'm talking with confidence rather than conceit when I say I honestly believe there isn't anybody who can get the job done any better than I can, and I really believe I have my best judgment when the money is hanging up there.

If it comes down to money, let's face it, something happens to the majority of riders. Their nervous systems may take hold of them and they don't ride like they do every day. Take for example a kid who rides a hell of a good race to win a big stake on a real long shot. How will the same kid operate when he's on a 3-to-5 shot in his next \$100,000 race and has about a week or two to think about it? There might be a difference. I'm not saying that there will be—but there could be. I've seen it happen to many of the top riders—even to men who operate day in and day out just like I do. When the pressure is on, many of

BIOPERSE: TOP JOCKEY EDDIE ARCARO

GEORGE EDWARD ARCARO, America's Cyrano on horseback, has ridden horses which have won more than \$21 million. Born in Cincinnati on February 19, 1916, he was transplanted 11 years after birth, together with his two sisters, to Southgate, Kentucky. Leaving high school after one year, Arcaro exercised horses for \$15 a week at nearby Latonia Racetrack. He got his first winner (Eagle Bird at Caliente), after losing on over 100 mounts, when he was a 15-year-old apprentice in 1932. He later rode for Clarence Davison. The next year he was the leading rider at New Orleans with 43 winners, but he fell from Gun Fire at Washington Park and injured two ribs. During the 1934 season he was repeatedly suspended for rough riding by the Ohio Racing Commission. At the end of the year his contract was bought by Calumet Farm for \$6,000, and Arcaro's salary increased from \$50 to \$350 a month. With Calumet he got his first consistent stakes winner, Nellie Flag, and he rode her to a fourth-place finish in the 1935 Kentucky Derby, his first of 18 Derby rides. The New York Turf Writers named him Jockey of the Year in 1937. In 1941 he rode his first of two Triple Crown winners, Whirlaway. The next year Arcaro had his choice of riding Devil Diver or Shut Out for Green-tree Stable and picked the Diver, only to see Shut Out and Jockey Wayne Wright win. On September 28, 1942



his jockey's license was revoked for trying to pitch opposing Jockey Vincent Nardone into the Aqueduct infield during the running of the Cowdin Stakes. This kept Arcaro on the ground until September 19, 1943. In 1948 he won his second Triple Crown with Citation and gave half his own earnings to the widow of Jockey Albert Snider, Citation's regular rider, who was drowned on a fishing trip. Arcaro won his fifth Derby in 1952 with Calumet's Hill Gail, and the fol-

lowing winter won four \$100,000 races at Santa Anita in five weeks. Today he lives in his tastefully furnished nine-room home in Rockville Centre, on New York's Long Island, together with his wife (the former Ruth Mishkell) and their two children, Carolyn, 15, and Bobby, 13 (see picture above). He plays golf and the bongo drums, has considerable oil holdings, is a hungry reader and says, "I'll continue riding as long as I can keep winning."

—WILLIAM LEGGETT

THE MASTER'S LIFETIME RECORD

"Mounts" indicates the number of horses which Arcaro rode; "unplaced" indicates horses which were not first, second or third; "percent" is his winning average, and "amount won" is the total purses won by Arcaro's mounts

YEAR	MOUNTS	WINS	SECONDS	THIRDS	UNPLACED	PERCENT	AMOUNT WON
1922	557	92	61	92	365	.11	\$48,845
1923	1,829	322	142	122	933	.13	\$4,329
1924	919	144	101	139	471	.16	\$91,835
1925	792	134	119	165	493	.17	\$97,865
1926	547	118	88	94	247	.22	\$66,479
1927	717	153	129	119	325	.21	\$86,974
1928	814	189	123	168	392	.24	\$166,310
1929	854	122	128	121	483	.19	\$25,190
1930	783	132	143	112	396	.17	\$43,591
1931	885	117	77	83	298	.20	\$88,856
1932	867	123	97	89	328	.19	\$51,949
1933	247	43	34	33	127	.17	\$39,868
1934	894	194	126	126	434	.22	\$73,856
1935	639	106	78	62	359	.23	\$38,595
1936	867	164	139	121	447	.24	\$108,385
1937	896	156	142	113	475	.29	\$121,429
1938	728	138	106	94	322	.29	\$184,238
1939	879	194	159	129	491	.22	\$183,399
1940	883	195	153	144	298	.22	\$143,168
1941	853	182	114	129	398	.21	\$125,435
1942	882	188	122	188	398	.23	\$158,581
1943	797	167	120	85	415	.21	\$167,666
1944	918	118	139	123	478	.19	\$161,630
1945	838	118	126	188	428	.19	\$184,796
1946	1,043	265	189	127	549	.26	\$262,801
1947	545	197	78	71	299	.30	\$24,682
LIFETIME	19,726	3,892	3,127	2,729	10,028	.20	\$2,924,529

*From 1922 to 1947

A partial list of Arcaro's stakes victories in races today having a value of \$50,000 or over and the number of times won include: Wood Memorial (8), Jockey Club Gold Cup (7), Preakness (6), Belmont Stakes (6), Kentucky Derby (5), American Derby (3), Brooklyn Handicap (3), Belmont Futurity (3), Monmouth Oaks (3), Flamingo Stakes (4), Travers Stakes (4), Suburban Handicap (4), Pimlico Special (4), Arlington

ton Closer (3), Widener Handicap (3), Dwyer Handicap (3), Santa Anita Derby (2), Santa Anita Handicap (2), Synchrony Mile (2), Santa Anita Maternity (2), Hopeful (2), Florida Derby (1), Washington, D.C. International (1), Yankee Handicap (1), Woodward Stakes (1), Massachusetts Handicap (1), Jersey Stakes (1), Monmouth Handicap (1), Equus Mile (1), Washington Pk. Match Race (Nashua vs. Seaplane).

them use such completely different judgment that you think they're completely different riders.

Now, much as I like to be where the money is, I just can't overemphasize the point that when you're riding in the big races against the best riders you can never afford to underestimate your competitors' intelligence. I just won't allow myself to make silly moves against them. I think there may be 10 top jockeys in the United States. You put all 10 of us in a race and every one of the 10 will know where each of the other nine should be at every stage of the race. They're all smart race riders and they're all watching for traps. When they make a move at you, you have to be prepared for it. It may sound strange, but I really don't think it's too confusing to ride against other top riders—fellows like Guerin, Woodhouse, Atkinson, Boland and McCreary, who ride a lot with me on the New York tracks. You get to know what kind of rides to expect from your steady opposition. I'll know every move they'll make and they'll know every move I make. We all think about the same and we know we're not going to trap each other with any silly moves. None of us has to be told, for instance, that if a horse has you bent in front there's no point in driving at him right away. You're better off resting your

horse a bit and then making another move at the leader later on. We know these things from experience.

Where you can sometimes really get confused, though, is by riding against a bunch of apprentice boys and mixed-up riders. Then you may have no idea what they might do. A kid might be on the inside behind four horses and suddenly decide in the middle of a turn to circle all four of them. If you happen to be lapped on him that makes you the sixth horse out, with the result—in this typical example—that this kid's inexperience actually forces you to ride a bad race. Winning against some of these sort of riders is often more a matter of plain racing luck than a question of sounder generalship. Nevertheless, on the average, top generalship pays off against the run-of-the-mill jocks.

So, if it comes down to where you start calling a jockey great—or the greatest—I honestly don't think I have any edge riding day in and day out over any of the other top jocks. Hooking five or six of them six days a week is a real hassle. I'll beat them and they'll beat me. It's a dead-even thing. But you take any one of the five of us and put him up against any of the other 90% of the riders for any length of time and we'll beat them. That's where you build up your

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Nelson Fox (top left) is small as major leaguers go. No hows run hitter, he chops at the ball, slices it, pushes it, bunts it. He's smart, resourceful, very determined. An ex-
 teammate says: "When little Foxie goes up there, let me
 tell you, he intends to hit." Gil Hodges (bottom left) is a
 different type: a big, powerful free swinger to whom pitch-
 ers throw carefully, usually with good curve low and away.
 Gil strikes out a lot, but he walks often and hits home runs

SKILLS of the HITTER

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

HITTING is the most difficult of the athletic arts," once declared Garry Schumacher, veteran publicity man for the New York Giants and one of the few constant observers of baseball who can be truly described as a student of the game.

"You can't teach a man to hit," adds George Kell, who knows how. Kell's credentials include an American League batting championship, 2,000 major league hits and a lifetime batting average of .307.

Kell argues: "You can't teach a man to hit. You can correct his mistakes and help him to improve, but he has to be able to hit to begin with. He needs certain things: good eyesight, reflexes, coordination, strength. But he has to be able to hit. You can't make a hitter."

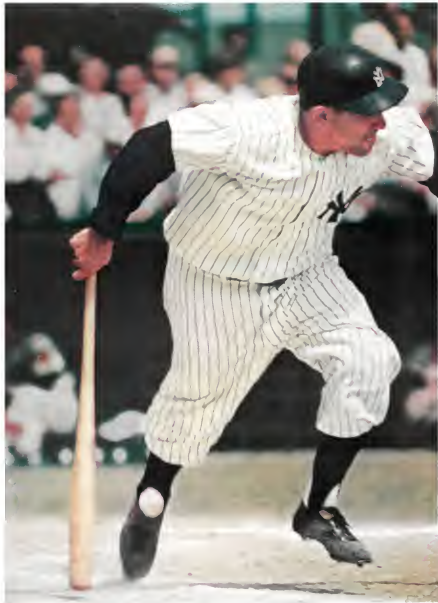
"Take Paul Richards [the astute manager of the Baltimore Orioles, who had a lifetime major league batting average of only .227]. Paul knows how to hit. He can show a man the right things to do and what he's doing wrong. He

text continued on page 28

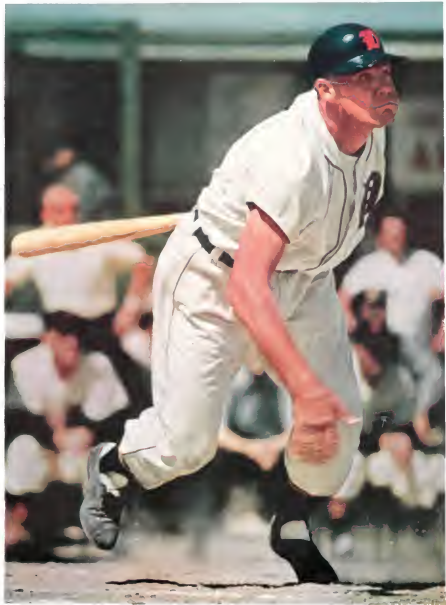


Pitchers have a profound respect for Henry Aaron (right). Brooklyn Pitcher Clem Labine complains: "Even if you fool him with a pitch and catch him off balance, he just snags those wrists at the last instant and hits a double to the opposite field." Yogi Berra (next page) commands much the same sort of respect. "He's harder to pitch to than Mantle," says Labine. Tall, rangy Harvey Kuenn (opposite Berra) is noted for his flat, slashing line drives to all fields





YOGI BERRA. NEW YORK YANKEES



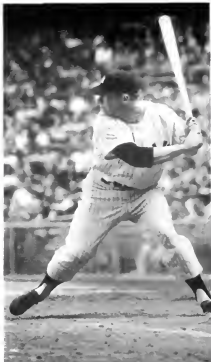
HARVEY KUENN, DETROIT TIGERS



JIM LEMON, WASHINGTON SENATORS

Jim Lemon (left) is slow getting himself unwound from home plate as he starts for first base. This is characteristic of batters who, like Lemon, employ violent muscular effort when they swing

Though hitting styles differ greatly, the distinctions are more apparent in the way batters stand while awaiting pitch rather than in actual swing. Once a batter commits himself, he falls into an astonishingly consistent pattern, as pictures on this and following pages show. Compare the left-handed-hitting Wickey Mantle (right) with the right-handed-hitting Rocky Colavito (below). Colavito's head is held slightly higher than Mantle's, but otherwise the two are almost perfect mirror images of one another: rigidly ensheathed rear leg, knee slightly flexed; raised front leg, knee bent in, toe barely off ground; front arm pulled back across chest, chin against shoulder, rear forearm at right angle to rear upper arm; bat lifted high and tilted in a slightly lowered the head



SKILLS OF THE HITTER

continued from page 18

knows what you're supposed to do. Paul's a brilliant man. If anybody ever could learn how to hit, Paul Richards could have learned. But Paul couldn't hit."

Hitting, then, is an instinctive art, a pure skill. Ben Hogan can take the hacker in golf, instruct him in detail as to the correct grip of the hands on the club, the necessary position of the feet, the proper movement of the arms . . . and turn the duffer into a reasonably competent golfer. A good golf swing is a habit.

But in baseball the swinging of a bat cannot be frozen in an amber drop of precisely taught and carefully acquired habit. The baseball is not held rigidly in one spot waiting for the batter to swing at it according to a carefully tested stereotyped procedure. The baseball moves. Can you imagine trying to hit a golf ball that was moving in slow circles around the tee?

Yet a baseball not only moves, it is projected in the batter's direction at high speed and in such a way that it shifts its direction in flight. The only constant a batter has to rely on is the fact that the pitcher must throw the ball through the strike zone over home plate.

Batters have to approach the problem of hitting such a fast-moving, wavering projectile according to their own

continued

Baseball players hop when they hit. Technically it's more of a stride than a hop, because at no time do the feet leave the ground simultaneously. But it is a hopping motion—which is sometimes hard to believe. A hop seems abrupt, awkward, whereas the wonderfully level swing of Willie Mays, pictured on the right, is almost classic in its beauty. Even those who don't care for baseball marvel at the restless grace of Ted Williams (bottom left) and the catlike pounce of Stan Musial (bottom right) when those great practitioners of the art swing their bats. Nevertheless, each hops. Batters about to swing have all their weight on the rear leg and their forward foot off the ground (see Mantle and Coleville on page 23). Here, Mays, Williams and Musial have swung and hit the ball. Their batting styles are quite different to the eye but the camera clearly shows that each has shifted his weight abruptly to his forward leg. Only Al Kaline (bottom center) has rear foot firmly on ground, and this is because he has shifted his body to hit to right field, the "opposite" field for a right-hander





SKILLS OF THE HITTER

continued

individual capabilities and needs. Duke Snider has superior strength abetted by a wonderful coordination of wrist and forearm and shoulder and back. Ted Kluszewski is immensely strong, but not so well coordinated. Both are home run hitters. Snider swings fully, extravagantly. Frequently he misses the ball completely (Hogan would blanch) and he strikes out a good deal; but frequently—or at least more often than any other major league player in the past eight seasons—he hits his home runs.

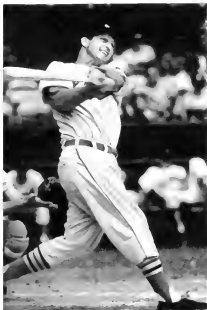
Kluszewski, and this was so even before the onset of his current back injury, does not swing freely. His swing is short, stubby and controlled, but his brute strength achieves the desired home run.

Richie Ashburn is comparatively small. He has the coordination to swing like Snider but not the strength to hit home runs. So he holds the bat short to better control its leverage, snaps the bat quickly and gains, not home runs but many base hits and very few strikeouts.

"Hitting is all in here," George Kell says, indicating the forearms and the wrists. "It doesn't matter how much power you have, or how hard you bring the bat around. If you can't pop that bat at the last instant, you can't hit."

Snider whips at a pitch, Kluszewski bludgeons and Ashburn fences, each in his own way—since big league players solve the problem individually. But Kell's one dictum is obeyed—the wrists are popped—and each is a hitter, a type, a skilled master of the amazingly difficult art of batting a baseball.

—ROBERT CREAMER





THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

DAMSELS IN DISTRESS

A PRINCESS with a tight slipper, a queen with a fractious filly, a lady golfer in a trap, members of a girdle-wearing generation listening to fitness injunctions—these were some of the engaging camera subjects in the world of sport last week. Their predicaments were, for the most part, fleeting. The princess—secretly, she thought—slipped her foot out of the shoe to delicious freedom, the queen's firm and patient hand prevailed over the unruly horse, and the lady golfer, head correctly down, eye on ball, shot clear.



FOOTSOKE Princess Margaret, escorted by Lord Porchester, 33 (he's married), aids a royal tootsy on Derby Day at Epsom.



RAPT clubwomen get a fitness demonstration from Bonnie Prudden, 43, and mother of two, at Asheville, N.C. club convention.



WOZZY Yola Ramirez, hit by tennis ball in doubles finals of Paris tournament, is comforted by Rosa Maria Reyes. Girls lost.



COMPOSED Queen Elizabeth II resolutely hauls her skittish Oaks Stakes vicar Carrozza (and Jockey Lester Piggot) by lead strap to Epsom Downs winner's circle.

IMPERTURNABLE veteran Louise Suggs blasts out of trap in the opening round of Ladies PGA tournament at Pittsburgh's Churchill Valley CC.





SOAKING IN A CHUTE

Halfway down Lehigh Gorge, experienced paddlers Don Rupp and Janet Laue are caught by Robert Halmi's camera as they



ROCKING IN THE RAPIDS

Churning torrents of Lehigh Gorge call for fast paddling, good balance. At left, Pat Todd applies cross-draw to bring canoe and

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

WHITE WATER SCRAMBLE



attempt to take **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** Mort Lund through tricky chute. Caught amidships by standing wave, the trio rolls



into rapids. As they hob downriver, Ned Love, behind bearded canoe (background), readies rescue rope for throw to midstream.



Partner Jeff Wilboye around rock, while Bob McNair and Newell Good (center) balance canoe through huge standing



waves. At right, Don Rupp back-paddles and Janet Lane uses pry-away to swing canoe sharp left in swift-running current.

Drifting downstream in a canoe can be a dreamy glide with cushions and mandolin or the splash and scramble that occurs during the weekend each spring when the Buck

Ridge Ski Club canoeists tackle Pennsylvania's Lehigh Gorge and play "river roulette" against rocks, current and a boiling spray which guarantees a fast swim for losers.

A BILL TO GRANT 'A SQUARE DEAL FOR SPORTS'

On the eve of Congressional hearings a Representative urges: regulate the business end of sports, but keep sport itself free

by KENNETH B. KEATING

Republican Representative from New York



KENNETH KEATING, A CONGRESSMAN FOR 10 YEARS

THE FUTURE of our professional team sports hangs today in the balance. Decisions by Congress within the next few months may well determine whether baseball, football, basketball and hockey are to continue to flourish or whether they will be destroyed by unwise application of the laws of our land.

This situation has arisen as a result of a recent decision by the Supreme Court in the *Radovich* case (81, March 11) which indicated, in effect, that professional football is an interstate business subject to the antitrust laws while professional baseball is not.

There has been a good deal of confusion as to just what the high court said in this important case. Actually, after calling football an interstate business—and hence subject to the antitrust laws—the court continued baseball's special exemption. Significantly, however, the majority decision added that, if this differentiation between football and baseball appeared "illogical," the "orderly way" to eliminate any apparent unfairness was through the enactment of remedial legislation by Congress.

Therefore, Congress has a definite mandate to clear up the muddled situation which has resulted from the *Radovich* decision. In effect, Congress has been appointed an umpire by the Supreme Court to decide whether professional team sports shall be subject to antitrust control or not.

The response of Congress to the court's mandate was immediate and diversified. Within a short time, three

proposals were advanced by various members of Congress to end once and for all the confusion surrounding the relationship of our professional sports and the antitrust laws. These proposals will be the subject of hearings by the Antitrust Subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee, slated to begin June 17th. From these hearings may emerge recommendations for consideration of the entire House and Senate.

THREE DIFFERENT APPROACHES

The first approach, exemplified by the bills introduced by Representative Emanuel Celler of New York and Representative Patrick Hillings of California, would make baseball subject to antitrust laws. No other sports are mentioned. Enactment of this proposal would probably result in the court's striking down the reserve clause, which in effect makes a young potential star the property of his club, to be sold or traded only at the club's discretion, and outlawing various aspects of baseball's draft and farm systems.

A second method, as proposed in a bill introduced by Representative Owen Harris of Arkansas, would exempt professional baseball, football, basketball and hockey completely from antitrust regulation. This blanket immunity would prevent any appeal to the courts for any antitrust violations in any aspect of sports enterprises, including purely business operations.

A third method, which I am sponsoring, would exempt from antitrust law the aspects of professional baseball, football, basketball and hockey

directly concerned with the sports themselves. This would include organization of leagues and associations, territorial agreements, employment of players and playing rules of the game. My own personal feeling is that the controversial reserve clause, option contracts, draft and farm systems, though essential to the structure of the games, may well be modified without endangering the basic foundations of the sports. I shall try during the hearings to find workable alternatives, but am determined not to condemn practices which are necessary to the continued success of these sports.

However, purely business aspects of these games, such as operation of concessions, sale of radio and television rights, management of stadiums, and purchase and sale of advertising would be subject to the antitrust laws.

Special provision is made in my bill to protect the organization and operation of players' associations and other concerted activities for the mutual aid or protection of sports participants.

My approach, which has been described as the "Square Deal for Sports Act," follows the middle ground between the first two proposals. Because it recognizes the necessary realities of modern professional sports, I believe it charts the sound course.

Certainly there is no disputing the fact that these four professional sports are businesses—and pretty big businesses. When you consider, for example, that more than 16 1/2 million people watched major league baseball

continued on page 38

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

DECISION IN DETROIT • THE HIGH-OCTANE ATHLETE • A
ZESTFUL JUNE FOR PHILADELPHIA • WHERE THERE'S WILLIE
THERE'S A WAY • WANTED: FOOTBALL • COXSWAIN WITH CURLS

PAUSE ON THE FRONTIER

FROM ITS BEGINNING, the history of the American automobile has been linked with racing. Henry Ford learned about cars by building and racing them before the Ford Motor Co. was ever organized; General Motors' bestselling current product is named for one of the greatest of the oldtime racing drivers, Louis Chevrolet (who designed the original Chevrolet in 1911). Given such a grand tradition, it seemed strange that the directors of the Automobile Manufacturers Association should announce last week their unanimous decision not only to de-emphasize speed and horsepower in automobile advertising, but also to sever all connections with racing competition in any form: stock car races, hill climbs, acceleration tests, even the providing of a pace car for the Indianapolis "500."

It is true that many of today's cars already have speed and power beyond the call of necessity. But it is also true that racing is a major frontier of all automotive progress, not of speed alone. Mercedes-Benz won the world championship with fuel injection, and Jaguar won at Le Mans with disc brakes. Both these milestones of automotive design are now offered on production cars, and their primary contributions are efficiency and safety, not speed.

Proving grounds have their uses, but a lot of Americans will go on insistently believing that competition offers the ultimate test—in running a mile, selling a toothpaste, making a better mousetrap or building a car.

Detroit's announcement actually amounts to an agreement not to compete. "If this had happened in Europe," one auto executive said, "a cartel would have come out of it. That's

why the resolution was reworded and reworded again. They didn't want anyone shouting collusion, even though the intentions of the Automobile Manufacturers Association were good."

But collusion it is, whether anyone shouts it or not—and collusion of a peculiar and complacent kind. In a country that has always found its growth and, indeed, its special sense of destiny in crossing borderlines and pushing back barriers, Detroit has turned its back on the frontier.

THE AMPHETAMINE HUBBUB

THE DELIBERATIONS of the American Medical Association are sober, weighty and meticulous. They are also, as a rule, technical beyond the layman's understanding, and they pass into medical history without causing a flutter in the world at large. But last

week the association's House of Delegates, meeting in New York, condemned what it termed the indiscriminate use of a drug called amphetamine to produce souped-up performances by high school, college and professional athletes. It also resolved to investigate the matter—and these particular deliberations exploded on front pages and produced a rain of all-but-radioactive comment.

From coaches, trainers, athletic commissioners and managers—and from athletes themselves—came denials and righteous indignation. Seventy-five newsmen converged on the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel for a press conference with Dr. Herbert Berger, the man who caused the resolution to be brought before the AMA delegates. For in supporting his contentions, Dr. Berger had pointed to the running of

continued

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

● Blow of the Week

A few days after he was fined \$1,000 for nightdubbing, Yankee Catcher Yogi Berra got another severe blow: a foul tip smashed through his mask, breaking his ample nose. Yogi issued a statement of restrained complaint: "You know, something like this could ruin a fellow's appearance."

● Wimbledon Odds

The Aussies have been developing a mild case of Davis Cup jitters over Lew Hoad's poor showing in the French and other tournaments, but London bookmakers nonetheless make him a 2-to-1 favorite to win his second straight Wimbledon next month. Runners-up: Australia's Ashley Cooper and Neale Fraser at 5-to-1.

● Lead Us Not Into Temptation

Detroit's decision to turn its back on the Indianapolis "500" (no more factory-sponsored pace cars) has presented Indianapolis strangers with a possibly tempting prospect: to bring in a European model as the pace car next Memorial Day, introduced as "the world's best-styled and best-engineered car for 1958."

● Salute from a Marine

After 20-year-old Don Bowden became the first American to break the four-minute mile, he received a telegram from a 25-year-old man who once came fairly close (4:08.5) himself. CONGRATULATIONS ON A GREAT PERFORMANCE, IT READ. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK. WES BANTER.

under-four-minute miles by 12 different athletes as one of the more obvious results of mixing amphetamine with sport. In his college days, he said (he is 48), such an achievement was as unlikely as a trip to the moon. And now look—12 different men had done it. It was significant, Dr. Berger added, that Roger Bannister, the first of them all, had been a medical student when he crashed through the barrier in 1954.

Almost everybody, from the man in the street to the milters themselves, disagreed with Dr. Berger's assertions, in detail and on Page One. (In London, Roger Bannister said, "I have never even contemplated using such drugs myself," and Brian Hewson and Derek Ibbotson called Dr. Berger's notion "nonsense.") John Landy's comment was promptly relayed up from Australia: "Ha ha, ha!"

The 75 reporters, armed with carefully sharpened questions, waited an hour and a half and then were told by an AMA public relations man that Dr. Berger had decided to make no further comments on the doping of athletes or the running of miles until the AMA's investigation was completed.

The newspaper hubbub began to subside, and as it did so volunteers came forward here and there to admit that amphetamine is used in sports. Among them were two American veterans of Canadian pro football; a high school teacher—and former coach—in Ohio; and a woman swimmer in Australia. Their admissions were not exactly news: athletes have been experimenting with pep pills for years (SI, Nov. 16, 1954). But Dr. Berger's remarks, and the serious concern of the AMA, had made news of the whole question of souped-up athletics.

Amphetamine (under trade names like Benzedrine or Dexedrine) comes in aspirin-sized tablets known as Bennies, Dexies or pep pills. It stimulates the user so that he feels unusually lively and alert, though actually he is not; and it masks off the sensations of fatigue so that he can press on to the point of exhaustion without feeling tired. (Later, though, he may feel very tired indeed.) But pharmacologists say that amphetamine cannot make an athlete, or anyone else, perform beyond his native limit of strength or speed, because it creates only the urge, not the means, to do so. However confidently you may press the accelerator, you get the same old fuel mixture as before. (The body itself produces a

substance which will trigger the release of extra energy for emergency use. But amphetamine won't do this.)

Only a few facts emerged from last week's commotion: 1) amphetamine can have harmful effects if it is used to fend off fatigue to the point of collapse; 2) it cannot create superathletes or record-breaking performances; and 3) some athletes are using it nevertheless. How many are using it, nobody knows. But the ethics of winning, or trying to win, with the help of drugs was hardly discussed at all.

PHILADELPHUEPHORIA

IT WOULD BE improper to say that Philadelphia has never known excitement, for both William Penn and the Continental Congress had a livening influence and so, of course, did Connie Mack. A certain somnolence does often obtain there, however, and there seemed to be no reason in the world to suspect, this spring, that it would be shattered—least of all through the medium of baseball. The Phillies began the season as an 86-to-1 shot; a good many of the people who came to watch them play seemed moved to do so 1) because of a lack of other entertainment, or 2) simply for the chance to boo, but the Phillies won; a fortnight ago Philadelphia became suddenly, noisily and giddily obsessed with the notion that they can win the National League pennant.

Even the most loyal of the Phillies' newly loyal fans cannot quite explain what finally catalyzed this startling reaction; the city was only pleased



with the team on Memorial Day (they were fourth), then became bursting with love when the Phillies took three straight from Brooklyn and a series from Cincinnati, threatening to lead the league. Now the Phillies are all but packing Connie Mack Stadium on week nights (411,478 paid admissions in 24 dates), and the mobs of fevered converts cheer if one of their players so much as spits on his hands or kicks the dirt.

But perhaps Philadelphia's new fever is best illustrated by the sad tale of one Thomas Harrison, 41, of Wilmington, Del., a longtime Phillies fan who leaned out of his box seat and picked up a batted ball during one of the Cincinnati games last week. It was not,

as he believed, foul and, thanks to the ground rules, what would otherwise have been the winning run didn't count and the Phillies lost. Well, Harrison was arrested on a charge of disorderly conduct, after irate fans threw beer cans at him, and led off to a police station while an umbrella-swinging woman cried, in rich South Philadelphia accents: "Let me waffle him! Just let me at him, will you?" Harrison was just as horrified as his detractors and said, "Why did I do it? Oh, I wish I had those moments back."

A few days later, though, Philadelphia seemed inclined to forgive the erring fan. The baseball team sent a representative to court to ask for leniency. The magistrate found Harrison not guilty of disorderly conduct, although not without charging him with "the biggest error of the game." By this time an error or so didn't seem important—with the Phillies only a half game out of first place.

Nobody was happier than the peanut vendors at the stadium. "The fans are awful nervous," one explained. "They're eating more peanuts than ever. This is the year!"

HISTORY IS MADE AT NIGHT

THE BALL streaked on a flat, hard line toward the light tower in left center field, 450 feet from the plate. No. 24 wheeled and ran hard through the illuminated night, his route converging unbelievably with the dropping ball. He flung up his gloved hand and the ball hit and stuck in the webbing and he braked himself with his right hand against the wall and wheeled and made the long throw back to the infield. The two base runners backtracked frantically, and Bob Clemente, the batter, stood at first base, looking incredulously toward the spot far out at the edge of darkness where Willie Mays had made the catch.

When the Pirate center fielder, Bill Virdon, trotted out to take his position, he could not take his eye off the spot where Mays had caught the ball. He looked and measured the distance with his eye. It was hard to believe that even Willie Mays had caught one out there.

After the game, Willie took a big swig of water, galloped into the clubhouse, methodically peeled off his uniform and tried to dismiss the catch as ordinary. Not so Giant Manager Bill Rigney, who has never been so full-throated in his praise of Mays as Leo Durocher used to be. Said Rigney:

"That ball was actually scatchable. There isn't a man in the world—go back to 1909, I don't care—there isn't another man in the world who could have caught that ball. I never thought he had a chance, but then that's Willie." Giant Coach Tommy Henrich, who played in the Yankee outfield with Joe DiMaggio, also felt obliged to testify for history. "It was better than the greatest catch I ever saw—the one DiMaggio made off Hank Greenberg back around 1938. DiMaggio's catch is now No. 2. When I see him, I'm going to have to tell him why I put him in second place."

Under the overwhelming weight of opinion, Willie himself finally agreed. "Yeah," he said, "it was probably my best. Better than the one against Vic Wertz [in the 1954 World Series]. This ball was hit on a bullet. The one Wertz hit looped a bit. I'd have to say this was the best I ever made, I guess. I had to work for this one."

SOMETHING TO BE SAID

ALUMNI of the University of Chicago—among them some who are still loyal to the academic concepts of Bob Hutchins—sometimes fret that Hutchins' doctrines attracted too many undergraduate eggheads. (Sample snort: "The greatest collection of neurotics facing the Children's Crusade.") Last week Dean of Students Robert Strozier, speaking to 200 alumni lettermen from Chicago's years as an athletic power, charged that the "best students" are no longer "fighting for the opportunity to attend the University of Chicago" as strenuously as "to attend many institutions of less academic stature." He also proposed a remedy: a return to intercollegiate football, which Chicago proudly abandoned 18 years ago.

Strozier rejected popular canards about Chicago's students but added that "the unpleasant fact remains that a myth was created on a national scale and myths die slowly." The school, he said, "constantly meets a kind of bland lack of interest even from those who recognize its greatness and its importance. Too many young people do not even consider Chicago. . . . There is still something lacking in our situation. It is a subtle, indefinable something, but it needs to be remedied dramatically and forcefully. . . . I wish to state without equivocation that I favor the return of football . . . as soon as possible. . . ."

"Had I been a member of the administration when we withdrew from intercollegiate football, I feel sure that I

should have voted to approve the action. . . . [My present] deep personal conviction [was] arrived at with difficulty. I believe that the resolution to return to football competition would say something which could not be said in any other fashion to the public, and some things need to be said. I believe that there are many abuses in intercollegiate football today, and for these abuses I feel only a sincere scorn. I believe that there are many institutions of real quality whose quality has never been affected by football. I also believe that Chicago was a great institution when it participated fully in all intercollegiate sports [and] I intend to bend efforts toward the return of football to Chicago."

NO MAN'S LAND

PROFESSIONAL BOXING is ruled, in the main, by state athletic commissions which determine whether fighters are physically and morally fit for presentation to the public. Some states, like Ohio and Arizona, have only city commissions but most of them, city and state, belong to the National Boxing Association and recognize each other's suspensions. A fighter banned in one state is, generally speaking, banned in all NBA states. Thus, some semblance of national order is maintained in boxing.

A case for the statewide system of control, as against the city system, is presently being made in Arizona, where Promoter Paul Clinite has recently tried to sign fighters who have been declared unacceptable in the rest of the country.

Item: A month ago Clinite was trying to sign Art Aragon to fight an unnamed opponent, despite an NBA ban

on Aragon as a convicted fixer. The plan was dropped, apparently because Aragon is appealing his conviction and his lawyers wanted no complications.

Item: This week Clinite is trying to line up a fight for Ewart Potgieter, the South African giant (7 feet 2 inches, 340 pounds). The amiable Pottie has been banned elsewhere because he assertedly needs postoperative treatment for a pituitary tumor and also because of so-called "shotgun" eyesight, which makes it impossible for him to see a punch coming from either side. Aside from that, Potgieter has proved himself singularly inept as a fighter in Africa, in Europe and in his few appearances in the United States.

Clinite's gimmick is simple. He could put on such matches because jurisdiction of the Phoenix commission stops at the city line. The Phoenix Coliseum, where the fights would be held, is outside the city limits. Under the statewide system of control a promoter of Clinite's limited sensitivity would have no place to hide.

OXFORD INCIDENT

SCANDALOUS it was. Never a thing like it before. Gavin Sorrell, president of the Oxford University Boat Club, was even talking about imposing penalties!

"We shall have to fine Corpus Christi III for entering the race under false pretenses," he sniffed.

After all, boating at Oxford was a gentleman's game, and the coxswain of Corpus Christi College's successful third-string crew was no gentleman. That was obvious the minute the crew tossed her into the drink after the race.

Of course the scandal did not break until last Friday, a week after the race. Then the papers were full of it. A terrible thing! A girl coxing a college crew to a victory in the bumping races during Eights Week. Two World Wars and Suex had hardly incensed Blue-blazered rowing buffs more.

Many alumni refused to discuss the matter. One official humphed: "A fantastic trick. Shocking."

The cause of the fuss was blonde Alison de Courcy-Ireland, girl friend of the Corpus Christi III stroke. She had been smuggled aboard dressed in blazer, trousers and a floppy hat. Her presence in the boat far from disturbed the crew, however. Said one elated oarsman:

"We rowed the race of our lives with her in the stern. Her steering was brilliant, her commands like angels' voices in our ears."



BATTER UP

With antic pitch and jeering chatter,
The battery worked on the batter;
They stirred him up too much, that's all—
He made a pancake of the ball.

—HARVEY L. CARTER



YANKEE
GO
HOME



THE ART OF RACE RIDING

continued from page 17

percentages. I certainly didn't build up mine by riding daily against Longden, Shoemaker, Hartack and Atkinson. None of us could.

I have a favorite example to illustrate my point about generalship. Let's go back to 1941. I had won the Kentucky Derby and Preakness on Whirlaway, and by the time the Belmont came up everyone knew this was a pretty good horse. And another thing everyone knew about him was that he was a real come-from-behind horse. I knew as well as the other jocks in the Belmont that they weren't simply going to set up the race for me. They knew their only chance to win would be to cross me up by switching strategy and hope I fell for it. So, instead of setting their usual fast pace and allowing Whirlaway to lay back—as he always did during the first part of his races—the opposition all rated back too so that the first half was run in something like :49 and some change. I sensed this and let Whirlaway go to the front. He won, of course, but it was still a gamble because nobody knew how Whirlaway would run his last mile in front—because he'd never had to do it before. Now, here's where generalship is so important; possibly some kid in the same circumstances might have just sat there and strangled Whirlaway because he knew he should be last for the first mile anyway. If he'd fallen for this strategy switch by the opposition, chances are that he'd have choked Whirlaway back to much that the horse would have quit cold on him when it came time to do some real running.

I mention this old example for another reason. A jock's experience teaches him to know and understand his horse and the opposition as well, and in this business you've got to know everything there is to know about every horse in the race. One edge I believe I may have is that I think I can understand a horse quicker than the average rider. My thinking is that I'm trying to analyze the animal from the moment I get on him. We'll go into this in more specific detail in next week's pre-race discussion but in the meantime, remember that you've got to learn an awful lot about your horse in 10 or 15 minutes, from the time you first see him in the paddock until they load you into the starting gate. The jock with what we call good hands is the jock who—to get properly technical for a moment—can understand the feel of a horse's mouth and relate that sensitive touch both to

the knowledge of the horse's capabilities and to the tactics decided between the trainer and jockey before each race. In other words, if you get a proper feel of a horse's mouth on the way to the gate you should have a pretty good line on the way he likes to run. The inexperienced rider—or the experienced rider who doesn't take the trouble to learn everything he can about his horse—is going to have trouble time and time again by relying too much on the trainer's orders and not enough on his own sense and feel of the situation. Understand, I'm not knocking trainers' orders, for they are absolutely necessary. But, after all, remember that even the best trainers in the world don't ride those horses out of the paddock. I see riders day after day, because their trainer has told them to lay fifth or sixth, hold that horse back in fifth or sixth place regardless of how the horse is running. A jock with better hands—and by that I mean a more sensitive touch—would often realize in those circumstances that he's riding too heavy on the mouth of a horse that really wants to run. So a jock who isn't thinking about his horse all the time can completely kill off his chances. All of us are occasionally guilty of these human errors of judgment and in my own case I only have to go back—with some embarrassment—to this year's Kentucky Derby, in which my mismanagement of Bold Ruler actually cost him his big chance for the money. But, generally speaking, the difference between good and bad riders is that the good rider gets into less trouble than the bad rider because the good rider has become a student of his profession.

DIFFERENCE IN STYLE

If generalship is 80% of race riding, however, just plain riding ability must account for the remaining 20%. So it seems right that something should be said here and now about riding style—my style in particular. In the first place, no two jocks can have exactly the same style. The greatest fault with American jocks in general is that too many of them are style-conscious and want to look pretty at all times. This is 100% wrong. The guy who can drive at the finish is the important guy. I always want to be in driving position and I'll sacrifice some of my best form to make sure I get there. For instance, I get more power getting down in a flat position during the last sixteenth of a race—more power than if I was sitting

up. Being down you can see you have something going for you, something to push against. Now, the English don't ride that way. In fact, their style isn't close to ours. I've watched Gordon Richards, who won more races than I have, and by comparison he rode upright. They don't push against the horse's neck like we do. Instead, they sort of throw the reins at a horse. Richards always used to do that and I suppose it might be the "go" sign in the way those horses are taught. But who's to say either of our styles is right—or wrong? You can argue that in this country we're riding on sand and dirt tracks and when we get down we're not getting beaten to death by flying clouds of dirt. In England, where they ride on turf courses, you can sit up. It doesn't mean too much because that turf holds together better than sand or dirt. But if you rode sitting up in America you'd get beaten to death.

We call a jock's riding form on the horse his seat. Basically what it is is his balance, and to be a rider at all—much less a good race rider—you have to have perfect balance at all times. The majority of successful race riders have a good seat. Now, mind you, I don't mean to say they all look pretty. But you can be sure that even the jocks who don't look pretty must have their bodies real secure on that horse in order to be able to bobble, weave and duck around and finally get the job done. I know riders who will criticize another jock for how badly he shifts his weight and flops around. But you can never argue with success, and any boy must have something if he can keep on winning and keep on looking bad while doing it. In this same connection, when you say somebody has a bad seat it usually means he has imperfect balance. And imperfect balance, which results in a jock shifting his weight all over the place, must—by every law—hinder a horse. No jock can get away with it and be successful.

I've always thought that your seat comes from your legs. Strength enough in the legs so that you could turn the horse's head completely loose without the reins and still be able to maintain perfect balance. My own particular seat is the result of having legs strong enough so that they take care of my hands. In other words, my legs give me the purchase which makes it unnecessary for me to ride a horse's mouth. Of course, from time to time, everyone finds that they'll be laying too heavy on the mouth, and when you find yourself doing it you know you're doing the

continued

THE ART OF RACE RIDING

continued

wrong thing. (Here I can draw quite a parallel between race riding and golf. A fellow might be doing a dozen things wrong with his golf swing, but if he knows what he's doing wrong he can correct it. When a jockey gets into a riding slump it's usually not just a run of bad mounts that causes it. The jock will generally find some basic thing he's doing wrong—like riding too hard on a horse's mouth, or trying to ride faster than the horse can run and thereby getting out of rhythm with him. The smart jock quickly figures out what it is that he's doing wrong—often he can get a good idea from watching himself in the film patrol movies—and corrects it.)

In the next four weeks I am going to take up, with the great help from Bob Riger's drawings, specific problems which face every jockey in the world sooner or later. Under the headings "Pre-race," "The Start," "The Whip" and, finally, "The Finish," I hope to

clear up points which I believe are often quite misunderstood, or at least misinterpreted, by many racing fans. I can't overemphasize to those fans who still think that racing is just getting tied onto a horse and winging off to see who's the fastest that this sport has many aspects to it. The spectator who appreciates some of these factors will get more enjoyment out of racing, regardless of which horse he bets on.

Put yourself, for a minute, in the position of a jockey ready to walk to the paddock to accept his mount. You have read the past-performance charts on each horse in the race and have an idea of what is expected of each of them. You are familiar with the track and its particular condition at the moment. You know there are another dozen or so jocks all thinking of the race in the same serious way that you are. They are, like yourself, good professional horsemen and each one of them is intent on winning. A dozen owners and their trainers are standing in the saddling shed. They have checked and rechecked their own horses and

looked up and down the shed to see what the opposition looks like. If you could overhear what the trainer is telling his owner it's probable that he'd be saying something like, "Boss, I've done all I can for this horse. He's fit and ready to go. From now on it's up to him—and our jock."

It's quite true, too. From now on it is up to the jock. One of the dozen horses is going to win that race, and it'll be because one of the dozen jocks does exactly the right thing at exactly the right time. Your paid job as a professional jock is to make sure that you give your horse the most intelligent ride possible.

You think about racing luck, sure, but with a fellow riding every day like myself I don't believe too much in luck. I think, to a certain extent, you make your own luck. There'll be one race in which you'll get a break and there'll be five others in which you yourself make the break. My philosophy about it is: make the break come your way. It takes skill and judgment, but it's the only way to success. **END**

IN THE NEXT FOUR ISSUES

Part 2 PRE-RACE

"An appreciation of the trainer's advice, knowledge of all your racing equipment and a serious effort to get the feel of your horse require the jock's fullest attention during the post parade."



Part 3 THE START

"The first 10 seconds of a race can often be as decisive as the last 10 seconds. But to win this first battle for position you have got to know just how to get your horse away from the gate."



Part 4 THE WHIP

"You should hit a race horse only when you need to. But when that time comes you get the best results if you can change the whip flawlessly and effortlessly from hand to hand in full flight."



Part 5 THE FINISH

"Hand riding—that all-out and exhausting concentration of pushing in complete rhythm with your horse as hard as your power will permit you—is the hardest thing I know of in race riding."



NOW IT'S EDDIE vs. SHOE



Shoemaker and Gallant Man (above)
threaten Bold Ruler in the Belmont

by WHITNEY TOWER

VIRTUALLY all of the admirable qualities of battle judgment and pure race-riding skill which Eddie Arcaro has discussed with such frank eloquence on the preceding pages (and which he demonstrated with such brilliance in winning last Saturday's Metropolitan on Traffic Judge) will be put on one of the toughest testing lines in U.S. Thoroughbred racing this week.

The 89th Belmont Stakes—that classic test of champions which has so often in the past been the decisive race in selecting the season's best 3-year-old—could be a dream race. Not the perfect dream, to be sure, because Calumet Farm, which had a near monopoly on the business of collecting cups and money for the first half of the season, will not be represented. (Gen. Duke and Kentucky Derby winner Iron Liege are still ailing, and Barbizon, for all his brief moment of glory as a 2-year-old, would now appear to be more ordinary than super.) The combination of Arcaro and Bold Ruler stands quite alone atop the sophomore lists. In the mile-and-a-half Belmont this combination will be most severely challenged, possibly not so much by the likes of such would-be champions as Nah Hiss, Inside Tract, Cohoes, Manteau and Lucky Dip, but most definitely by that controversial Derby runner-up, Gallant Man, and his very great rider, Willie Shoemaker.

Gallant Man is a most interesting colt who seems to have come in for rather undue criticism—most of it

stemming from a report that he is a fragile little thing who is incapable of standing much severe training. "Hogwash," says outspoken Johnny Nerud, who trains Gallant Man for Texan Ralph Lowe. "How can anybody say that a colt who gets beat a nose in the Derby after going a mile and a quarter can't stand training? Besides that, all you have to do is look at him to tell he's neither fragile nor too small."

To settle the matter once and for all, last week Humphrey Finney, the knowing president of racing's premier auction firm, the Fasig-Tipton Co., taxied out to Aqueduct armed with a measuring stick which has seen duty from Newmarket to Saratoga to Pomona. After comparative measurements had been taken on both Gallant Man and Bold Ruler, Expert Finney peered over the top of his precariously balanced spectacles and announced solemnly for the record, "Bold Ruler is exactly one hand—four inches—taller than Gallant Man [16 hands, 1½ inches to 15 bands, 1½ inches]. I would classify him as of well-made small medium size, and although he may have what is known as a somewhat delicate constitution, he has extremely good depth of shoulder and a lot of strength running down into his hock. He has good spring to his pastern, walks straight and fellows well."

Humphrey Finney has special reason to admire Gallant Man on the eve of America's toughest 3-year-old race.

continued

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EDDIE VS. SHOE

continued

Finney personally selected him (along with five other colts and three fillies) for Lowe off the Aga Khan's Sheshoon Stud on The Curragh of County Kildare, Ireland in 1955. The price for the package deal (which included another probable Belmont starter in Tulyar's full brother Bold Nero, and a half-brother to Noor named Gray Man) was \$220,000. And one of the reasons influencing Finney, aside from the yearling's conformation, was obviously his classic breeding. Gallant Man's sire is Mtgoli (by Bois Roussel out of Mah Iran), who, as a 3-year-old in 1947, won the mile-and-a-half King Edward VII Stakes and was second in the Derby and third in the St. Leger. The following year he won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. Majideh, the dam of Gallant Man, is the daughter of Derby winner Mahmoud, and she herself accounted for the Irish Oaks and Irish 1000 Guineas before she retired to the stud to produce, among her five stakes winners, another Oaks winner in Masaka.

These, then, are obviously acceptable credentials for a potential Belmont winner, and even if it is a generally accepted axiom in racing that a good big horse (in this case Bold Ruler) should beat a good little horse, turf history can point to any number of proved contradictions. Among those which stand out as examples of little horses whipping their larger contemporaries are Mahmoud and Hyperion in the Epsom Derby, and Clyde Van Dusen and Determine in our own Derby. All were on the smallest side but had the heart and stamina to get the job done.

On his performance alone Bold Ruler deserves the favorite's role. Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons again plans to equip him with blinkers, and Aracore hasn't for a moment changed his opinion that this is the best 3-year-old around. If he gets off on the front end (as he likes to do) with nobody to push him for the first part of it, Bold Ruler could make a runaway of the race. But rival trainers know Bold Ruler by now. They know, for instance, the only way of possibly beating him is to make him work every foot of the way, and to win the Belmont this way takes not just a good horse—but a great one. We've all seen enough of Bold Ruler now to have an idea of what he can do if his heart is in it. We've seen only enough of Gallant Man to speculate that this British-bred hay may be just now coming into his own—and into the classic championship class.

END

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"The Brat"
Shantung leat
teakwood Calf

"The Duke"
Shantung leat
teakwood Calf



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Made by Switzer Craft in Crystal Lake, Ill., Shooting Star has reverse curves, radical flare-out in bow design, rumble seat in rear. Boat is 15 feet long, travels over 34 mph with Mercury Mark 30 engine. Cost: \$895.



AQUILIFER

Arrow Marine's 24-foot Aquilifer, with soaring tail fins, gleaming chromium trim, is aristocrat of auto-styled inboards. Powered by two Cadillac CM-300 engines, she can make 65 mph, costs \$19,450 complete.



HIGH-SEAS HOT RODS

Flaring fins, chrome trim and curved windshields
add auto-styled appeal to the speedboats of 1957

by EZRA BOWEN

Until 17 months ago, a boat was a boat and, big and large, looked like a boat. Today, as the pictures on these pages show, things have changed; boats have begun looking like something else, namely, automobiles, and the musty traditions of speedboat design have been all but drowned in a welter of glittering chrome and swept-back, high-finned bodylines.

It all started with two exhibits at the New York Boat Show in January 1956. Over at one end of the hall that year, the Lone Star Company of Grand Prairie, Texas introduced the Meteor, a blunt-nosed little runabout with the look of a Porsche that wandered into a marine exhibit by mistake. It had auto headlights, a low stubby bow, tail fins and a sporty cockpit for

four people. Across the floor at the same show, the Evinrude people trotted out another-seaguing hot rod. This one, designed by famed Auto Styler Brooks Stevens, was called the Lark. It featured a pair of soaring tail fins, bucket seats and matched chrome hardware.

Viewing these phenomena, a lot of traditionalists stepped back and held their noses. But a lot more nonconformists stepped forward holding large clusters of dollar bills. According to Evinrude, the Lark was the hit of the show. Lone Star was just as happy with its little speedster. More impressive to the men in the industry, however, was the fact that no less than

continued

GOLDEN WASP

Thirteen-foot Golden Wasp is raciest model in Wizard Boat's line of fiber-glass runabouts. Designed for outboard powering, she seats two people, has two curved windshields, auto-styled upholstery in cockpit





FIRST AUTO-STYLED BOAT ever put into production was 21-foot Globe Mastercraft, designed by Brooks Stevens in 1945. Unlike conventional boats—or even cars—of its time, Mastercraft had such futuristic styling features as wrap-around windshield,

crash-padded cockpit, two-spoke plastic steering wheel, specially designed and integrated deck hardware, two-toning of major hull areas, airfoil-type rub rail extending around stern and swept-down sheer line that tapered toward water at after end of boat.

HIGH-SEAS HOT RODS

continued

38 accredited boat builders wrote Evinrude asking for the plans of the Lark. The rush to auto styling was on. And when the 1957 Boat Show opened at the New York Coliseum, instead of two lonely prototypes the place was filled with automotive hybrids.

"When we introduced the Lark," said Stevens recently, "we presented an extreme exhibitionist version of what might come. By January of 1957, that exhibitionism had become a production reality." He then proceeded to pinpoint the man most responsible for the whole auto-styling revolution.

"I would say," he offered, "that I inspired it."

Any self-proclaimed pioneer is on shaky ground in the design field, where a flat claim of a first in styling will always bring people striding down from pedestals or crawling out from under rocks waving the plans of the streamlined something they whipped up in 1910. But Stevens is quite fearless in expressing his ideas and, in this case, he has some weighty historical arguments on his side.

In pre-World War II days, he had earned a name for himself as an industrial designer, particularly in the automotive field, where he styled an impressive collection of custom car bodies, trucks, buses and land cruisers. Then he branched out into outboard motors, as a style consultant for Evinrude. That led to experiments in the modernization of boat design.

"In 1941," he said, "I did a prophetic rendering of what I felt the postwar boat would be. It had the first wrap-around windshield with which we predicted the trend not only in boats but in automobiles too. We also began to

integrate deck hardware—instead of taking a cleat from here and a chock from there, we made it all to match. And the bow was different. It had an extreme downward curve. Finally, we predicted the idea of the swept-down sheer line—and you can see it today in that big speedboat with all the fins, the Aquilifer (see page 12). This was the first concept of this type of design. Four years later we developed it into a final product in the Globe Mastercraft."

The Globe Mastercraft, designed in 1945, was, according to Stevens, the first successful auto-styled boat ever put out on a production basis. As the original drawing at the top of the page shows, the Globe picked up and developed the ideas of the convex sheer line, wrap-around windshield and integrated hardware, and introduced a number of other new concepts as well, all of which, when molded together, added up to a speedboat that was years ahead of the competition. "The crash-padded cockpit," said Stevens, "was certainly the first of its kind in a production boat. So was the styled plastic steering wheel. This was also one of the first uses of two-toning in major hull areas, rather than the random strip planking of different tones that was popular at the time. And we definitely pioneered in the curved, airfoil rub rail. You'll notice how it widens as the tumble home of the boat narrows down and how it goes all around the stern.

"This whole line was introduced at the New York Boat Show in 1946, and again at Los Angeles later the same year. At Los Angeles we won a prize for the best contribution to boat design, or something."

While the Globe won a prize, it did not, unfortunately, gather many customers. But it did bring enough publicity for Stevens to be called by Chris-Craft to produce a set of sample designs for a projected bridge-deck cruiser (right).

Beyond that, however, the principles of auto styling had to wait nearly a decade for public demand to catch up.

"The Globe was embryonic and premature," Stevens admits today. "It was the weak voice in the wilderness of convention. But we were convinced it was going to come.

"You see, there was far greater resistance among the educated conventionalists in boating than in cars. In 1946, the boating public was still the connoisseur, the one that rang bells and hoisted sails and liked the smell of hemp. But then the real postwar market developed. The public found it had more leisure time. And the outboard people developed remote controls. Now, there was the most significant development of the decade. As soon as you rigged up an outboard with a push-button starter, remote throttle and clutch, you created a whole new market. Most important, you got the housewife, who certainly didn't go out in the old days when you had to yank on a rope to start the motor. But as soon as she could push a button and touch a lever, it was she who went for a boat ride and not just the old man.

"We created a whole new concept for the word yachtsman. It meant the lathe operator, the garage attendant; it meant family boating for the weekend. Suddenly we were way beyond, thousands beyond the concepts of the connoisseur in the blue coat and white pants. And this new yachtsman would look for water transportation with the same eye that he looked for automotive transportation. Why? Because he had the swept-back thing in his garage. He couldn't help but be swayed by what Detroit was doing to him."

With the public finally warmed up to auto styling, Stevens scored his first big success in the yachting world. It happened in 1954 when William Scott, Executive Vice-president of Outboard Marine, proposed to Stevens that he take their top horsepower outboard motor and dress it up



TREND-SETTER Brooks Stevens projected first auto-styled boat designs in 1941, set off current boom with Evinrude Lark at New York Boat Show in January 1956.

with custom trim, much in the manner that Cadillac had dressed up their top model car to get the Eldorado.

"Again we were taking our lead from the automakers," Stevens explained. "We figured that the new American yachtsman, the 21-foot buyer, the twin-engine buyer, was involving himself in a \$2,100 outfit; and why not have it the best-looking thing that pulled up to the yacht club? So we embarked on the Evinrude Lark and the Johnson Javelin."

These were the names Outboard Marine gave to its two outboard Eldorados. They were announced in September of 1955 and were an immediate success. The first year they were out, three quarters of the sales in the top horsepower group were in these luxury motors.

"This meant," said Stevens, "that our American buyer, who was keeping up with the Joneses, wanted that luxury motor out of pure pride of ownership. It's a real ego builder. It doesn't drive the boat any faster, but it pleases him. And I say thank God for him, especially when you multiply him by 100,000. Why, if everybody was dead practical, there wouldn't be any lights on. We'd all be asleep in bed."

Brooks Stevens and Outboard Marine were definitely not asleep in bed. With the Lark and Javelin solidly launched, they began to cast around for something that would catch the eye of the public at the 1956 New York Boat Show. They needed something new; they needed something to make people talk. A dream engine was suggested, but Stevens knocked down the idea on two counts. First, if it was too radical, they would be laughed at in their own field. Second, if it was too good it might render obsolete their going line. Then Stevens brought up the idea of a new type of boat.

"I told Mr. Scott," he said, "that we should take the bull by the horns and prophesy for our related industry. I said,

continued

STREAMLINED CRUISER. drawn in 1946, was one of half-dozen Stevens concepts submitted to Chris-Craft to show potential of new automotive look in production-line pleasure boats. For this design, Stevens borrowed convex sheer lines, integrated

hardware from design of Globe Mastercraft, added racy superstructure, elongated ports, modified clipper bow, streamlined ventilators and swept-back pilot windows to produce a cabin cruiser that would give impression of motion even when tied to dock.



HIGH-SEAS HOT RODS

continued

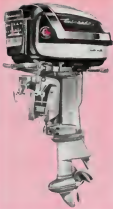
"Let's build, for the first time, a dream boat, with styling integrated with the Lark."

Scott liked the idea, and Stevens went to work on a set of plans. He based his whole concept on sports-car design. "How could I go wrong?" he asked. "Look at the way people were going for the Jaguar, the MG, the Mercedes-Benz and for our American offerings, the Thunderbird and the Corvette. Why not a sports boat, for a guy to take his blonde out in? In designing this boat, I put the gearshift in the middle, just the way it is in a Jaguar and a lot of the others. I made two bucket seats, and added trim, coloration—the whole thing. I even went so far as to put in an airplane-type steering wheel."

"The fins were there because fins were it—because fins were going to be it. This was before Chrysler. I exaggerated. I wanted a flamboyant conversation piece. But in doing it, I at least incorporated a retractable ski-tow reel inside the fins. In other words I made a functional reason for my foppery."

With the Lark Runabout, there is no doubt that Stevens tickled a very delicate nerve in the American public. "People saw the romance of the fast-looking boat," said Stevens,

LARK RUNABOUT was Stevens' biggest shocker which, designed for Evinrude as promotional come-on, burst on boating world in 1956. Stevens picked color and trim to reflect styling of Lark engine, went all out with bucket seats and floor controls like



LARK ENGINE by Stevens first came out in September 1955, is custom version of top horsepower motor in Evinrude line.

"the chic boat for the youth of the nation. And," he added, "there are plenty of 60-year-old youths riding around up in suburbs with hats on."

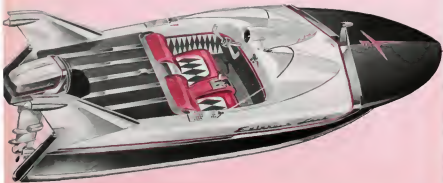
"I know that in retrospect these things do sound egotistical, but when the exhibit first opened, I stood there near the Lark, almost fanatical, 10 hours a day to hear what the public said. The first day or two there was interesting public acclaim—gee whiz; hey, dad; look, mom. But I also at first got a lot of really scathing comment from the boat boys. But I expected it. I wanted to jolt the industry and feel them be jolted. And I felt they'd come around. I mean, how could they be so ostrichish when the other 100,000 were coming forward with the greenbacks?"

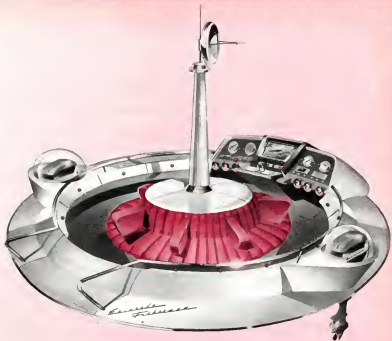
"So, after three days, they came around. I think it was three things: one, the initial shock wearing off; two, the exhibit had unquestionably drawn more comment than any at the show; and, three, it was, 'Look, fellas, shall we fight this thing when it's what the customers want?'"

"The point is, you absolutely must consider public acceptance of design

trends and the merchandising ability of any design—that is, whether it can ring the cash register. And I'm very much in favor of the cash register. I'm only on a minor crusade for art, because I won't live long enough to change the entire public concept of art. But we can see the results

those in U.S. and European sports cars, dual curved windcreens, spectacular tail fins that predated trend in both boats and cars. Lark revolutionized runabout styles, has since been taken over by Cadillac Marine as the Sea Lark, which retails for \$1,975.





LATEST SHOCKER designed by Stevens is round, two-engined Evinrude Fisherman introduced at 1957 Boat Show. Inspired by flying-saucer fad, Fisherman has plastic nacelles over engines, mock-up radar mast complete with folding panel for sunny

days, sonar devices and TV screen to help locate fish. One of most successful promotion gambits in history of boat industry, Evinrude Fisherman was launched for first time in Wisconsin three weeks ago, actually proved safe, maneuverable in flat water.

of the Lark design everywhere, and I think we can say that this thing did its job, that it caught on."

The furor over the Lark had hardly commenced, however, when Stevens and Outboard Marine began laying plans for their big shocker of 1957 (see drawing above). This time it was Howard Larson, Evinrude Director of Sales, who had the idea. He suggested they project something for the fisherman and told Stevens to go all out with the most radical design he could think of.

"And he really meant all out," said Stevens. "He told me he didn't care if it was round. That idea stuck. Round. Why not a round boat? Especially with all the business of flying saucers. How silly could I be not to take a ride on that one?"

The reaction at the 1957 show was, again, a bonanza for Stevens and Evinrude. "We got bushels of letters," said Stevens. "I got one from a guy—you never heard such a thing. I was not only a charlatan, I was dangerous. I was likely to take people out and drown them. But do you know, we had a launching on the Milwaukee River the other day, at the Evinrude test station, and that thing handled like a dream. It can turn on its own axis, and you

can walk around it just like on a yacht. Now, this doesn't mean we're going into the round boat business. But Evinrude has requests from resort owners who are thinking in terms of fishing discs. We had one resort owner from northern Wisconsin who wanted to buy half a dozen of them, just on the strength of the exhibit at the New York Show."

With the public already sold on auto styling and apparently willing now to consider even a flying saucer, Stevens is working harder than ever—toward his next big shocker. In fact, he is at this moment getting ready to build the bomb that Evinrude plans to drop on the 1958 Boat Show. "We've got it approved and ready for construction," he said. "I'm amazed that no one thought of this idea before. But they just don't think these things out. I don't think some of these guys ever tried to live aboard a cruiser. I can't tell you what it is, but I can say this. With the Lark, I created something futuristic and fanciful. With the saucer, I was way out in left field. I mean, it has some practicality but basically it was a shrieker. Now I'm reverting back to a practical level. And this one is so good that when it's shown, everybody is going to jump on it, because this thing is the answer."

DUST-UP AT DEVON

A hassle over rules brings new trouble to an old show and
a lot of ill will to an impoverished U.S. Equestrian Team

by ALICE HIGGINS

ABSOLUTELY the only thing that everyone agreed about at Devon, Pa. was that it shouldn't have happened to a horse show. Not that there was any complaint with the show itself—almost 750 of the country's top horses and ponies were on hand for seven days of competition before record crowds which, as one exhibitor explained, in a little like holding the World Series first and then playing out the season. But the incident that all agreed to regret opened the show of Tuesday night, forming a cloud that assumed, during the days following, the dark proportions of a tempest. The storm center was a shocked and surprised amateur rider named Bill Steinkraus, captain of last year's U.S. Equestrian Team, who could never quite believe it all had happened.

Steinkraus, who had come to Devon at his own expense, with two horses on loan to the U.S.E.T., was competing as a private citizen. This, however, was not made clear in the program, so that many people assumed he was present officially. The rumpus really started when Mrs. John Galvin's Night Owl, with Steinkraus aboard, tied for first place with Mr. Samuel Magid's Little David, ridden by Sharley Weinstein. Neither had made a fault. Now, according to the American Horse Shows Association Rule Book, all ties for first place must be broken by a jump-off. Little David went first, making an excellent round with a two-fault total.

Watching this, Billy Steinkraus decided that the price of a possible win was too high. He announced that he would concede. He thereby followed precedents set by many fellow horsemen, but to some of the spectators it was analogous to the home team not playing the last half of the extra inning after the visitors had broken the tie.

"Not at all," reasoned Steinkraus. "It's like a veteran boxer who is willing to lose some rounds on points in order to win by a knockout later."

The steward pointed out the rule to Steinkraus, stating he must jump as Shirleye had. Billy knew the rule; in

fact, he had written it, and by his interpretation Little David had jumped, earned first, so the tie was broken. It was his privilege, he asserted, to take second place. "I just don't want to go that deep into the horse this early in the season," said Steinkraus, who had jumped off and won with Night Owl the evening before.

The stewards persisted and he finally offered to go in with the proviso that



CAUSE OF IT ALL. Rider Billy Steinkraus was more interested in saving his horse.

Night Owl could make three faults and be taken from the ring. The suggestion found no favor with the officials, who then huddled, argued and finally announced that the awards would be made later. When they were, they were coupled with the news that "Night Owl of the United States Equestrian Team" had been disqualified from the class for a violation of the rules.

To Steinkraus, this was a double blow. In the first place he had lost an earned award; in the second place, though he was not at the show as a

member of the team (which does not at the moment officially exist), vituperation was nonetheless directed against him for letting the team down. "Each year I've given \$1,000 to the team," shouted one apoplectic contributor at Steinkraus, "but this year I'll give \$5,000 if they kick you off it!"

Some horsemen took a different view. A petition, started by Samuel Magid, owner of Little David, was circulated and promptly signed by 17 of the 22 riders in the class; it stated, in effect, that the undersigned were in agreement with Steinkraus' action. But the officials stood firm.

Then Magid took an even firmer step. He put up his money and filed a formal protest against the action taken by the show against Steinkraus.

"They keep telling me I'm a Boy Scout," said Magid, "but someone has to do something, because there are some people that have gotten the impression that Billy is a bad sport, and he's not."

The show officials decided to take the safe way out and sent the protest on to New York for perusal, although at first it was nearly refused on the technicality of being two hours and 15 minutes late. But then, if possible, things became even more complicated.

On the last night of the show, Magid's horse, Little David, held a comfortable lead in points for the championship. The only horse that could possibly defeat him was David Kelley's Andante, who had been moved up a notch at Night Owl's disqualification. Andante would have to win the stake and Little David be completely out for this to happen. Unlikely as it seemed, this is just what did happen. Little David, veteran of 11 consecutive years at Devon, blew up and could win neither money nor points. Andante, under Kelley's skillful handling, made a brilliant, faultless trip to win the stake and the championship with the one small point garnered by Night Owl's disqualification. Kelley, wearing a wide grin and a black eye (received when his horse's head hit him) was awarded the tricolored rosette.

Thus Devon ended, with some people happy, many unhappy, and a big problem to be solved. Now it is up to the American Horse Shows Association to pass difficult judgment on a protest that started over a rule interpretation that inadvertently decided a champion.

Their eventual decision will clarify a rule, but no decision, no matter how just, can take back the ugly, angry words that flew at Devon about the U.S. Equestrian Team. **END**

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people touch them up with a warm iron every few washings; many never iron them at all.) This summer, get slacks that keep you neat as well as cool—poplins made with "Dacron" polyester fiber.

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TIP FROM THE TOP



for golfers of all
degrees of skill

from JIMMY D'ANGELO, Dunes Golf and Beach Club, Myrtle Beach, S.C.

When most golfers play seaside courses, they usually encounter difficulty when attempting to play from a sandy lie. They can overcome both the mental and shot-making hazards if they will play the ball as they would a downhill lie on turf.

As a basic principle, to compensate for the sandy lie you should select the club that has a shade more loft than the club you would ordinarily use to reach the green from that distance away. For example, if the distance indicates a three-iron, play the shot with a four; if it indicates a four-iron, play the shot with a five. Take your stance with the ball well back toward the right foot. Swing as you usually would but as though you were driving the sole of the club directly into the spot where the ball is resting. Above all, concentrate on first contacting the ball as cleanly as possible. The smallest intrusion of sand between the face of the club and the ball will snuff the shot out.

With practice, a golfer can use even a three- or four-wood for this type of shot, but the average golfer would be wise to stick to his more lofted irons until he has developed both skill and confidence in playing from sandy lies.



Visualize that you are playing
a shot from a downhill lie



The club must contact the ball
cleanly and crisply

NEXT WEEK: BETSY RAWLS ON HITTING HARD ENOUGH

The Acapulco High Divers by Jantzen



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Here are three great new Jantzen swimming and diving trunks, inspired—and tested—by the famous cliff divers of Acapulco. They fit perfectly, stay comfortable and look good all day, no matter how high the dive or how rough the surf. Choose yours from the trim red trunks (left) of strong, elasticized fabric, 5.95, the handsome multi-stripe (center) with elasticized waist for snug fit,

5.95, or the neat white trunks (right) with elastic waistband, 4.95. In all sizes, your favorite colors — at the better stores.

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DUDE'S DELIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
TONI FRISSELL



The thrumming sound of horses' hoofs and the sight of a herd in the golden dawn, the traditional scene of the Old West, lives for most people only in the movies. But those with a nostalgia for horse sweat, sunshine and open spaces

can still head for a dude ranch and take part in the real thing. At Irving Laron's Valley Ranch near Cody, Wyoming (above), adventurous guests become part of the spectacle and help the hands bring the herd from the night pasture.



AT BELLEVUE, COPENHAGEN'S FAVORITE BEACH, ON ØSTERSUND, DANES TAKE THE MIDSUMMER SUN BY ROWS OF TENT-SHAPED CABANAS

AT HELLABØLL, MIDSUMMER'S WEEK CONCLUDES WITH THE 8-DAY LIVESTOCK FAIR, HELD ON GRASSY HILL BENEATH ROWS OF DANISH FLAGS



DANISH DAZZLE

On a glorious week in June all Denmark explodes with enthusiasm in riotous celebration of Midsummer Eve

by HORACE SUTTON

WHEN SUMMER arrives full tilt on the lush green shores of Denmark, it seems to do something to the Danes that it does not do to people elsewhere. Other people may paint their porch chairs and break out the gin and tonic; the Danes paint up their countryside and break out into paroxysms of delight. An observer abroad in the land during Midsummer Week, the third week in June, will find the populace as carefree as a man who has been dieting on Danish Dexamil. Bicyclists race on the *ordrupsbanen*; jockeys gallop their mounts on the *gulupbanen*; horses leap fences at the *sportsrideklubben*; yachts catch the breezes of the Øresund and sail within the shadow of Sweden; and lady scullers of the Klampenborg Kajak og Kano Klub wheel their kayaks and canoes over the summer-soft sea, at last unfrozen.

All this is exciting enough to make a visit in Midsummer Week more than worthwhile, but anybody in these precincts on Midsummer Eve, which falls on the night of June 23, will find all Denmark being served up on a flaming skewer. Any landowner with a backyard, a broad lawn or, better yet, a bit of beach is expected to build a bonfire and invite a crowd to watch it burn. Since the Danes firmly believe in having a fire inside as well as out, the ceremony is further commemorated by swallowing small shots of akvavit, a northern white lightning whose fire one soothes by drafts of cool Danish beer. Really enterprising hosts surmount their bonfires with the effigy of a witch who, along with her evil spirits, is supposed to be dispatched by the burning

faggots to the Blokshjerg, a home for displaced witches in the Harz Mountains of Germany.

Over at Tivoli Gardens, the mammoth amusement park in the very center of Copenhagen, a huge fire is lighted on a float in a lake, a bombardment that would have caused Stalingrad to capitulate erupts out of the water, and great cascades of sparks fall out of the sky silhouetting the town hall in fire and gunpowder. To cap it all, the Tivoli witch appears on a fireworks broom and rides at least part of the way to Blokshjerg on an invisible wire.

The arrival of the late June weeks has a special significance for the gradu-

ating student. A student may pass his exams and receive his diploma, but he is never really graduated until he dances with his class three times around "the horse," an equestrian statue of Frederik V. Then, still wearing student caps, the class boards a horse-drawn *chorobane*, a wagon decorated to the wheel hubs with light-green branches of the beech, the national tree of Denmark. The driver, equipped with a top hat with flowers stuck in the band, cracks the whip and the wagon rolls off down the Strøget, the shopping promenade. There are parties at home and parties out at Bellevue by the sea, and by 5 or

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID REYNOLDS

BEARDED VIKING poses with his woman at the annual historic play in Frederiksbund. Members of cast are all local people.



DANISH DAZZLE

continued

6 in the morning the students troop down to the Langelinie promenade where the famed statue of the Little Mermaid sits by the shore. They watch the sun rising, and then, arm in arm, they walk down to the Central Station, the only restaurant open at that hour, to have breakfast.

By midmorning much of Copenhagen is pedaling the seven miles to the beach at Bellevue, where the white canvas lockers stand like rows of sheikhs' tents in the sun. Young costume changers who prefer not to bother with the formality of the tents wriggle into their suits under blankets. Paddle boats whose flanks proclaim the glories of Glory Shampoo lazy about in the water. Chauffeurs sit in the shade. Sailboats loll offshore. Warships ride the rim of the horizon. Speedboats drone like mechanical bees. A distant regatta is confetti in the far-off mist.

For five kroner (70¢) for seven minutes visitors may use the facilities of the Dansk Vandski Forbund, the water-ski club. Seven minutes is three times up and down the slalom course. The Danes, who water-ski until New Year's (it is apparently too cold after that), give their big water-ski show the Sunday before Christmas.

MOST yachts take out from Skovshoved, a few miles from Bellevue, which shelters the *rokkab* (rowing club), the *Kongelig Dansk Yacht Klub* (Royal Danish Yacht Club) and the Skovshoved Vandskiklub (water-ski club). The Oeresund Sugen is an international regatta (June 27 to 30) which draws 150 boats from Finland, Norway, Sweden and the Danish provincial towns which run an Olympic course modified for local wind conditions. Dragons, Kwaarbad, Scandinavian Folkebad, Snipes, Finns and Pirate dinghies all compete. There is even a race in the tiny Optimist class, a ready-made, square-sail, tub-shaped, 7-foot scow that comes in a build-it-yourself kit costing \$35.

Whether sailing Optimists or sloops, the Scandinavians descend on Skovshoved in blue-and-white sweaters, in rough Faroe Island knitwear bought at Nyhavn harbor shops for \$10. They come in olekins and yachting caps and knitted skullcaps and pipes, and soon the fleet is offshore, making a pleasant vista for those who sit under the ancient beech tree alongside the Bellevue Strand Hotel and watch the spinners fill with the summer's breeze.

Horsemen, meanwhile, take their

mounts over flower-bowered hurdles at the *sportsideklubben*, a nest of fashionable tweed and leather tucked away in Bernstorff Park, a former royal preserve, dripping, in June, with bushes of golden rain. The Danish Derby runs in the middle of the month, bringing a crowd of 25,000 to the race course at Klampenborg, just inland from Bellevue Beach. Here, where a *galopbanen* is a race track, a *faldhede* is a Thoroughbred, and the newspaper picks are posted under a heading called *pæstens-tips*, the bet is five kroner, and the season lasts from May to September. The big derby day has been carried by such U.S.-named nags as Onkel Tom (1914), San Francisco (1935) and Par West (1950), all of whose names are embossed on the tribunes.

The Danes like to race aboard bicycles too, and at the *ordrupbanen* velodrome the bikemen wheel around the boards two or three times a week, on days when the horses are not racing, commencing after the football games, which start at 1:30 p.m. There are races Sunday evenings beginning at 7, and the daily bet runs about 80,000 kroner, (\$11,360), but on Thursday, which is payday, the ante edges up over the 100,000-kroner mark. The track is not only handy to town, but some houses are indeed so close to it that some suburban Danes can sit on their sun-swept porches and watch the wheels skim past their railings.

At the beginning of Midsommer Week, the Danes of Frederikssund, 25 miles from Copenhagen, stage a nightly saga of ancient Viking history in an outdoor hillside theater. The cast is composed of local bricklayers, merchants, teachers and shipbuilders, who come to work each night of the 10-night stand, pedaling their bikes down the highways wearing fierce red beards and horned Viking helmets. There are seats for 1,500 visitors and room for 2,000 more on the grass, all of whom look down the slopes to the stage setting, where meat roasts on a spit, kids and goats and Labrador retrievers come and go, presumably on cue, and the actors merely mouth their lines, the voices and music coming from dabbled-in tape recordings.

With something for everyone, Midsommer Week comes to a close with a giant farmers' exposition called the Bellahøj Livestock Show and Agricultural Fair. A forest of red-and-white flags is run up on the green hillside and the farmers come from Zealand and from Lolland-Falster bringing their proud Percherons with blond manes, their milk cows and pigs. The bull that

waddles off with the fair's big prize is, as a Dane explains it, "more or less a national hero." It is the colorful, keen competition of Bellahøj at the end of each Midsommer Week that makes Denmark one of the best dairies in the neighborhood.

Breakfast at a Danish hotel is served with a paving block of butter which is not only a national habit but a national advertisement. Visitors looking for Danish pastry will find it called Vienna bread. (In Sweden it is known as Danish Vienna bread.) And it is, of course, perfectly true that the Danes are probably the biggest cold cuts eaters in the world. *Smørrebrød*, or open sandwiches, are dispensed in automatic machines and in elegant restaurants but nowhere with as much variety as in Oskar Davidsons', an elderly and dark-paneled establishment which is prepared to serve 177 different kinds of open sandwiches, all listed on a yard-long menu. Despite the fact that it overflows with tourists (Danes retreat from it in summer), Davidsons' sandwich of 200 thumbnail shrimps piled in soldierly fashion on a slice of dark bread is worth the trip.

KROG's down in the fish market, where the fishwives in their newspaper hats clean scales each morning under a statue to their unbeautiful selves, is suffused with the dignity of a great restaurant. In the soft light and the quiet it offers a lobster soup that requires a half hour's advance notice, and a house specialty of fillet of sole steamed in hock with tarragon leaves and garnished with shrimps and salmon, peas and lobster-and-shrimp sauce. At \$1.25 a portion, only the fish need be in hock. Krog's is also a good place to try the local Limfjords oysters as well as *pløjfisk*, which is Danish cod and potatoes in a thick white sauce.

The Coq d'Or, while not in the gourmet class, is all the same a pleasant place finished in crisp Danish décor, and one might also paste in one's hat the name of the Seven Small Homes, a restaurant which, when it wants to put on the dog, dispatches its dishes from the kitchen surrounded by a battery of lighted sparklers. Fraعات's on the Radhusplads was always such a pleasant place for an outdoor snack, but last summer the rush of tourists nettled it somehow, and innumerable visitors, this one included, found the waiters and the waiting more than patience could bear.

No one, of course, needs go hungry with Tivoli right in town. Within the 20 icy acres of this well-illuminated

(120,000 bulbs) fairyland there are no fewer than 23 restaurants. Two of them, known simply as Divan I and Divan II, have been going since 1843. One, the Wivex, is reputed to be the largest in Europe. One of the best certainly is La Belle Terrasse, which is white and brass, glimmering with bulbs that reflect in the lake near by.

Aside from eating, one can in Tivoli unleash frustrations by tossing baseballs at dishes, sail a mechanical boat down a lake, watch free vaudeville, listen to the visiting BBC Symphony or the Boston Symphony playing in the concert hall, or catch Tivoli's own ballet company. A boy guard rigged up in shaggy bushy, red jackets and white ducks parades through the grounds on weekends, and at the Pantomime Theater white-powdered Pierrot, eye-batting Columbine and masked Harlequin perform the classical *commedia dell'arte* nightly before a packed open-air house of upturned young Viking faces.

After Tivoli and eating, the next best amusement in Copenhagen is to shop. The Danes provide the utmost convenience for this adventure, lumping most of the best stores in a short promenade known as the Amagertorv. In this corner you will find Bang and

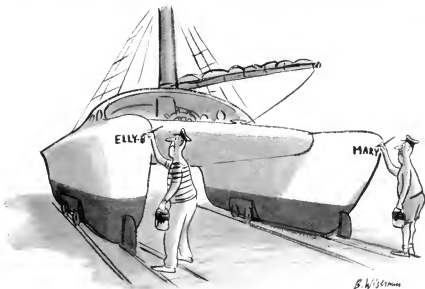
Grundahl who make china and figurines, Royal Copenhagen who also make china and figurines, and Georg Jensen who make money. R. Wengler has rattan furniture at considerable savings if you want to bother with the shipping, and Illums Bolighus has tableware, lamps, linens and furniture, but the shedding here is a bit rough unless your Danish is well oiled. There has been a run lately on Danish minks, notably on the houses of A. Leidersdorff, Birger Christensen and A. C. Bang, who is mink purveyor to the crown.

Probably the best assortment of Danish goods under one roof—furniture, stainless steel, silver, pottery both fanciful and usable, Wiinblad's great posters, teak salad bowls and toys can all be found at Den Permanente, a permanent exhibition of Danish arts and crafts. It is the main and sometimes the sole outlet for more than 350 Danish artisans, and the salespeople, all of whom seem to speak Oxonian English, know the ropes about dispatching goods to the U.S.

It is the shortest of walks from Den Permanente in mid-Copenhagen to the newest of the city's hotels, the Mercur. It has 220 beds, high-speed elevators, sharp-lined Danish decorating, small

functional rooms and small functional tariffs. In many ways it is like its fore-runner in new hostilities, the Europa, which was built along a Copenhagen waterway a few years ago. A tall shaft, it delights in adapting high-speed American ways, all performed with a Danish accent. Its Top-of-the-Mark-like glassed-in restaurant on the 17th floor, for instance, serves everything from a grilled cod-roe sandwich with remoulade for adults to a slice-of-chocolate sandwich for children.

The advent of rakish new hotels has hardly diminished business at such standbys as the Angleterre, a staid and venerable place with a sprightly sidewalk café in summer, a small bar inside and a somnolent air after 8 p.m. Its competitor, the Palace on the Radhusplads, also opens a sidewalk café with the advent of the Scandinavian thaw. Summer has at last come to Copenhagen when the Palace, as is its custom, posts the hack-home baseball scores in the lobby for the benefit of its American customers and when it turns its ballroom into a sylvan garden restaurant, so green and burly, so redolent of midsummer that a satyr whistling on his Pan pipes in the stage grass might very well pass unnoticed. (END)



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OTHER SPORTS BILLS introduced by Representative Emanuel Celler of N.Y. (left) and Representative Oren Harris of Arkansas propose opposite solutions. Celler bill



would make major sports completely subject to federal antitrust laws, while the Harris bill would give them blanket exemption. Keating bill charts a middle course.

SQUARE DEAL FOR SPORTS

continued from page 20

games last year, paying on the average about \$1.25 apiece, you can get some idea of the size of the operation involved. And, when a superstar like Herb Score can be held to be worth \$1 million or a Ted Williams draws a salary in the six-figure bracket, there can be no question that baseball—and the other sports to a lesser extent—represents a sizable business operation. The important point, however, and one that is often overlooked, is that these professional sports are unique businesses with unique practices, which should not be subject to the same laws as ordinary commercial enterprises. There is surely a lot of truth in what P. K. Wrigley of the Cubs once said: "Baseball is too much of a business to be a sport and too much of a sport to be a business." What Mr. Wrigley was saying—and I agree with him completely—was that baseball is a business, but much more, too. This applies, of course, to the other major professional team sports as well.

Starting with the premise that the peculiar needs of professional sports make certain unique practices necessary, it is clear that Congress should not apply to sports the same laws it applies to U.S. Steel or General Motors. That is the approach envisaged in my Square Deal for Sports Act.

In any consideration of sports on the American scene, our principal concern must be to avoid interfering with the pleasure of the great masses of fans

who derive such enjoyment from witnessing these games. What does the public want from professional sports? In a word, it wants to see good, clean games played between teams of near-equal strength. If the home-town team can't win every game, at least the fans want to see a good contest.

On the other hand, players want—and deserve—good salaries and the opportunity to develop into topnotch performers. And the owners need the incentive which comes not only from profit potential, but from the opportunity to build and plan for better teams and greater box-office appeal.

The point which regulatory zealots tend to overlook is that our professional team sports are doing a remarkably good job of ruling their own roosts and doing the maximum justice to the people involved in watching, participating in or investing in the sports. Each of the four sports mentioned in my bill has worked out procedures by itself which it feels best serve the ends of the greatest number of people.

A great deal has been said about the reserve clause, option contracts, and the draft and farm systems employed in some of these sports. I would be the first to object if it were shown that in actual practice these aspects were detrimental to the public, players or to the sports themselves. But from my studies of the situation, I am convinced that there are inherent safeguards in these

continued



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SQUARE DEAL FOR SPORTS

continued

sports offering protection against the abuses which on the surface might seem probable. And it is a fact that generations of players have made no protest against the reserve clause and recognize it as a necessity in the structure of organized baseball. Therefore I feel it must be retained until a workable alternative is formulated which will not ruin the game.

Where would baseball be without the reserve clause? Without it, the big leagues could easily become dominated by three or four of the richer clubs, who would become the "haves" by virtue of being able to lure players through larger salaries away from poorer clubs. The less wealthy clubs would become "have-nots," doomed to trail in the second division every year.

There would be less incentive for major league clubs to develop young players in their farm systems. As soon as a rookie became ripe for the big time, another club could offer him more money, grab him off and thus cost the team which developed him the thousands of dollars it had spent to train him in the minors.

And how could any baseball club make plans from season to season if it did not know what personnel would be available and what players would be nabbed by other teams?

The overruling consideration with all of these systems is that the operation of our professional team sports today is dependent on them. We should not force changes upon them. We should allow them to stick with their present procedures, which are producing generally favorable results, until improved and workable alternate systems are advanced.

However, there is no justification for putting the exemption umbrella completely over the sports. Certainly, the television and radio aspects of major league baseball, not to mention ball-park management, stadiums and concessions, represent substantial businesses in themselves. It is estimated that advertisers will spend \$32 million for radio and television rights before the present season is over. Of this figure, organized baseball stands to receive roughly \$9.3 million.

If there are any violations of public policy in the operation of these purely business matters, then our antitrust laws should be brought to bear on them. That is why my bill provides that the business aspects of professional baseball, football, basketball and

hockey shall be subject to the Federal antitrust laws.

I am confident that our professional sports people will accede readily to regulation of these business operations when they realize the carrying on of the purely sports end of their businesses will not be hampered.

It is an extremely healthy sign that people in professional sports themselves appear to be conscious of the shortcomings and possible inequities in their operations. Particularly significant in this respect has been the gradual development—admittedly further advanced in baseball than in other sports—of players' associations and pension plans. The guaranteed wage of \$6,000 and the incentive and security of pensions appear to be a good thing for all concerned in big league baseball. It is a cleaner game than it ever was before, and there is greater incentive today for players to stay in the game. Indeed, there have been inspired performances by veterans aiming for 10-year status. All these things may be attributed to the organization of pension plans.

THE RIGHT TO BARGAIN

It is to be hoped that these security assurances for the players will eventually be extended to all professional sports. Because the players deserve a greater voice in their dealings with employers—doubtly important because of the unique operations of professional sports and the short playing duration of most sports careers—the bill I have introduced in Congress specifically guarantees the right of players to bargain collectively for their mutual benefit.

The greatest danger which confronts us now is that overzealous application of the antitrust laws will destroy the enjoyment by America's fans of these great games. There is no good reason why a vendetta should be conducted against professional sports, and I am extremely hopeful no such movement will develop in the hearings to be held by the House Judiciary Committee.

Our professional sports form an integral and important segment of our national life.

The future of these sports truly hangs in the balance. I am confident that Congress will agree that the basic approach of separating the strictly business from the sports aspect of the games represents the best means both of insuring justice and fair play to players and owners and of continued unimpaired enjoyment by America's fans of these great pastimes. (END)



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Fair Ladies and Royal Ascot

Britain's best race meeting of the year is also its most social. A brilliant and expensive parade of elegance and fashion, it is graced by the Queen's presence

by A. P. HERBERT with DRAWINGS by ROWLAND EMETT

In the current Broadway hit *My Fair Lady*, *Eliza Doolittle*, the Cockney girl who is painstakingly transformed into a lady, betrays her origins in a hilarious scene set at Ascot. Even without *Eliza* there is a good deal of humor in the Ascot scene, as *Sir Alan*, a celebrated *admiral* of English manners, and his collaborator, *Caricaturist Rowland Emmet*, here demonstrate.

ASCOT, to all good Englishmen, is a word like "diamonds," "champagne" or "oysters." You make a spirited bow. By "Ascot," of course, you mean Royal Ascot, the meeting in June which is graciously attended (all four days, as a rule) by the Monarch. This year, as last, the Queen will attend. She will arrive on the bright green grass of Ascot, with Prince Philip at her side, in an open landau drawn by four Windsor grays. The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret are almost certain to attend, too, on opening day as well as on the three following days.

This is as it should be, for Ascot has been "royal" from its birth in 1711, the year Queen Anne ordered the course to be laid out. That Monarch is a schoolboy's joke and gets rather grudging marks from the historians. "She paid small attention to art and literature." But she and her consort, Prince George of Denmark, were resolute patrons of racing. They ran their own horses and gave gold cups and royal plates. So one day, driving round the common, she halted her carriage, took a shrewd look at the country and said, "Let there be a racecourse." And in August 1711 there was a race for "Her Majesty's plate of 100 guineas."

About a hundred years later someone apparently remembered that Ascot Heath was a common. An enclosure act was passed assigning the course to Her Majesty, "provided that it should be kept and continued as a racecourse for the public use at all times as it has usually been."

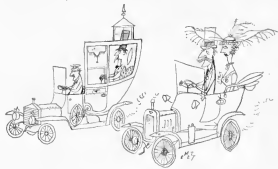
"The sport of kings" is not a

meaningless expression or a modern invention of the press. Horse racing in general, and Ascot in particular, has always prospered or declined according to the interest and favor of the throne. Under the dour Oliver Cromwell the event was from time to time prohibited. Charles II "rode in person in several races." Under George IV, Ascot was endowed with its brightest pomp. It was George who instituted the famous Royal Procession when "he rode on the course up the New Mile in a coach and four with a splendid retinue, and attended by the Master of Buckhounds, Lord Marlborough."

The tradition of Ascot was splendidly maintained by Victoria until 1861, when her consort died, and thereafter by the Prince of Wales (Edward VII to be). In 1897, the year of the Diamond Jubilee ("sixty years a queen"), his horse Persimmon won the Gold Cup, and the double event "exactly coincided with the fitness of things in the popular imagination."

With a difference of two, the same gay picture will be seen on June 18, 19, 20 and 21 this year. The Master of the Buckhounds, who was once sole Steward of the Races, will not be seen in the procession, for his office was abolished in

continued



Fair Ladies and Royal Ascot

continued

1901. (Nor, by the way, will the Royal Huntsman start the races, as he did till 1846.) The course and the buildings are very different from those that Victoria and Persimmon saw, and this year alterations include two new stands in the Silver Ring, additional tote facilities, a new ladies' cloakroom and powder room in the paddock and four new stands around the parade ring. But the Queen with her consort each day will be the center of the shining scene; and if anything wearing Her Majesty's resplendent colors (purple, with gold braid, scarlet sleeves and black velvet cap with gold fringe) were to win, not only Ascot but the country would go mad.

From the earliest times, though the Monarch was in view in a public place, there had to be some arrangements for his safety and comfort, and so for reasonable seclusion. There was rough company at the races, riots and brawls among the gaming fraternity. An old man in sailor's dress threw stones at George IV. George III and Queen Charlotte had "two elegant marquees." George IV had a royal stand; and Victoria, or her advisers, added a royal enclosure. To this enclosure, being the best place from which to see the races, apart from any friends the Queen may

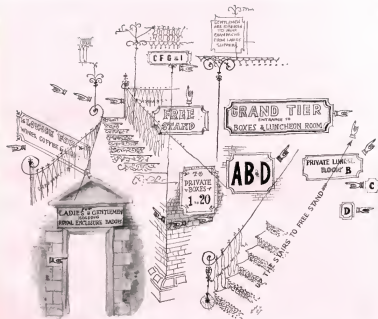
personally invite, others are admitted upon application, provided that they have been presented at court and so, officially at least, are known to Her Majesty. There may be other provisos, but, if there are, say the thoughtful, they have positively nothing to do with anybody else but the Queen.

This is a royal party on royal property; and is not the Queen as well entitled as her humblest subject to have whom she chooses in her house or on her lawn? She is not, even in these democratic days, like a public museum which all may visit on demand. At Ascot, too, there must be some discrimination, for the simple reason that the space is limited and the demand is huge.

At the Ascot office in St. James's Palace, sits the Duke of Norfolk—Her Majesty's representative—who is in charge of course, crowds and the coveted badges which admit to the royal enclosure.

As Hereditary Earl Marshal, he has had to handle two coronations, and won high praise. But it is not as Earl Marshal that he handles Ascot; he has done these duties at the personal request of the Monarch since 1945.

These high court officers are not, as many suppose, held by figureheads of noble birth. You have to be good: shrewd and practical, the duke is remarkable for bonhomie and charm, and it is not every duke, I imagine, who escorts an



interviewer down to the front door and helps him into his coat. This duke always does.

The Ascot office at St. James's Palace looks onto a walled garden which is gay with blossom. Prince Charles's own tiny tree is below the window. Here the duke makes his plans, practical and social. In time for the Royal Ascot meeting in 1955, he had made a new course, at a new angle to the stands, and he has a strange tale about that. In 1898 Lord Ribblesdale, who as Master of the Buckhounds was in charge, designed a new course, drew a plan and wrote that he wished he could live to see it done. That plan, which only came to light around the time of the recent alterations, is precisely the same as that which the duke, knowing nothing of it either factually or in rumor, put into practice.

One result is that there is now more room in the space before the Queen's stand. The duke and the Lord Chamberlain put their heads together as practical men—"After all, it's a course, not a court; the same rules needn't apply"—and approached Her Majesty. So, since 1955, by the Queen's consent, the royal enclosure is divided—though not by any physical barrier—into two. On the Queen's Lawn only Her Majesty's own guests walk—personal friends, ministers, the heads of embassies and so on. These have a "free pass," and we may be sure that none of them causes a censorious flutter, even among the bishops. To the rest of the space anyone is admitted who receives a voucher and buys a badge. Divorce in itself—innocent or guilty—will be no bar to a badge. But limitations of space still provide a tactful instrument of control, and the notorious wrongdoer or center of scandal is likely to receive a polite intimation that, "owing to the large number of applications . . . Her Majesty's representative is unable to comply with your request."

All this will not excite universal applause; the veteran Ascoteer mutters that the place is too crowded and "democratic" already. But it will be a comfort to the duke: "Much less work—and no more prying into people's private lives."

Applications for vouchers had to be received by April 27, two months before the meeting.

What disturbance, what debate, in countless hearts and homes! "Oh Harry, do let's go!" "Can't afford it, darling." Or else, "You know what I said, dear. Never again." The Never Again Club is chiefly composed of men. They hate to wear the tail coat and the gray top hat all through a hot day.

Even the ladies agree that some suffering accompanies this loyal parade of beauty, elegance and fashion. It always did. In the old days coaches and carriages arrived with a deep coating of dust; and on the way home footpads and highwaymen might hold up the coaches and rob the happy winner of his gains. Today the hazards are considerably different. They say, "Ascot is exhausting." "The standing, the talking and, my dear, those endless walks through that odious tunnel [a subway from the stands to the paddock, constructed in 1899]."

Then there is the business of getting there and back on the congested roads—though there is a special enclosure train. The fortunate are those who are guests at country houses near the course. These can relax after the races before the special balls and parties with which this week is

studded. (In this and other ways, they tell me, the whole affair resembles the Kentucky Derby.)

There is generally a house party of about 30 at Windsor Castle. Each couple has a complete suite, with a sitting room to which they may invite other couples. After a formal dinner there may be dancing or a film show or other entertainment. Even in these delightful conditions, Ascot has been described as a remarkably stern test of stamina. For "the royal family have boundless energy and stay up very late."

The Queen lunches at Windsor each day, arrives—each day in a different dress—in time for the first race and drives up the course (the Straight Mile) before entering the box,



which by tradition is surrounded by hydrangeas. Once or twice, between races, she walks down to the paddock and back. The elegant throng respectfully make way for her, but there is no formality about her passage. To those who watch the races on television it is amusing to see a row or two of citizens so intent on getting their own faces into the camera's eye that they fail to notice their Queen walking past a few feet behind them.

BADGES AND BOXES

For the rank and file the ordinary drill is this: You leave London around 11, arriving in time for lunch before the first race (the distance is about 25 miles, but the cars are bumper to bumper, a slow procession of gray top hats and gay-colored finery, observed with interest but no real envy by the humble). Your badge, which you bought for a mere £10 (£7 for women) on the voucher received from St. James's Palace, is firmly pinned on your bosom. Firmly, for if you lose your badge outside the enclosure you are most unlikely to get in, however eloquent your hard luck story. Your name is on the badge, which is a great help to old friends who have forgotten it. You may lunch in the general enclosure tent or, if you have the right escort, in the Guards, Bucks or other club tents. Next to the Luncheon Tent is that great rendezvous the Champagne Tent, which is principally for drinking although cucumber sandwiches are also served.

Then, at the other end of the tunnel, there are boxes for those who have not an enclosure badge or prefer the privacy of a box. Each box has a private room behind it where you can lunch. There is here, many think, more fun and comfort to be had than in the enclosure. Some, having a badge, come and go between the two, carrying pleasant tidbits of gossip. Some picnic by their cars.

After lunch, if you are interested in their doings you consider the horses—and your investments. Betting can be

continued

Fair Ladies and Royal Ascot

continued

done with bookmakers over the railings at the far end of the enclosure. The tote is in the paddock, so that means the tunnel and a long walk; but if your feet hurt you can send your dutiful escort while you chat with another beau. In the old days it was an unheard-of offense, meriting expulsion, for a woman to place a bet, but it can now be done.

The winning post is at the end of the enclosure lawn, so a good view can be had from the rails or (between the top hats) farther back. Or you can take a lift to the top of the stand. Some, disliking crowds, sit at the top of the stand all day; they hardly ever meet anybody they know—but they see the races.

All the day every woman is eyeing every other woman's dress and worrying—or gloating—about her own. From the Queen downward, nearly every woman wears a different dress each day. The modest Miss X, an actress, can afford to go on two days only; but far back in April, before she was sure of getting her badge, she had ordered two new frocks, one a plain frock for the first day, the other a "fairy" frock, for Thursday. The most important dress is always worn on Thursday, Gold Cup Day: the debutante generally wears the dress in which she was presented at court.

But the gentlemen have their worries too, especially those whose ladies go to Ascot on all four days. Four new dresses at £80 to £100 each; four new hats at £15 to £25; four hired cars, perhaps; four hospitable lunches; many visits to the Champagne Tent; and some unsuccessful wagers—the expenses are enough to frighten any nobleman. Only the badge—£10 for four days, with claspings of the finest horses in the land—is inexpensive. It is perhaps the most striking proof of Britain's solidity that Ascot is crowded still and the demand for badges exceeds the supply.

Another continual worry in this uncertain clime is the weather. It rains on Wednesday night, and Thursday morning is dark, menacing and windy. What is to be done about that important frock, designed for "flaming June," and the wide floppy hat, the absurd white shoes? Fortunately, there is an enormous cloakroom where drastic changes can be made: some ladies, it is said, arrive with a small trunkful of spare clothes, ready for anything.

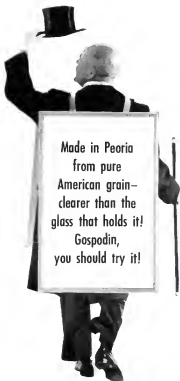
TOP HATS AND TAILS

For men in the enclosure, top hat and tails are the *rig de rigueur*. Moss Brothers of Covent Garden will hire you a complete outfit—gray top hat, morning coat, trousers and fancy waistcoat—for 50 shillings a day, or a gray top hat for 10 shillings. The demand, they say, is greater every year.

Let it not be thought that this great meeting is all dresses and dignity. On the stands side of the course there may be 50,000 people; on the other side, the Duke of Norfolk thought, up to 100,000; and he is very proud of his democratic arrangements over there. Any citizen can visit the Heath—the Queen's course—and if he is fortunate, stand up front at the rails and see the Queen go by, gaze across the course at the royal party and the gilded throng, not to mention the finest racing of the year—for nothing. Well back from this free area he has instituted "pens," with bookmakers, the tote, refreshments, lavatories, etc. Admission to a pen costs two shillings only, and by a system of pass-out checks, transferable, a whole humble family can use the pen, in turn, for the same two-shilling ticket. "Caddies," said the duke proudly, "have thanked me for this arrangement. It's quite a thing."

"One day," he mused, "when we have the money, I should like to build more new stands. We might make it the finest course in the world. Some people," he added modestly, "think that it is." (END)





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HOTBOX

The Question:

*Should women be allowed
full-fledged membership in
the U.S. Power Squadrons?*

RODDIE WILLIAMS



*Mayor of Hamilton,
Bermuda, owner of the
cutter Undina*

Yes. Many women can handle a sailing yacht as well as men. They are expert helmsmen and they are handy with the sails, even in heavy weather. Women are also useful in the galley, serving cocktails and tidying up. Besides, it's always nice to have the pleasure of a lady's company on board.

MRS. LOUISE NILES



*Coverer of cruiser
Frelasman, Murtle
Beach, S.C.*

No. Most women who like boating don't want to crash the membership of the U.S. Power Squadrons. They feel there are times when men should get away from their wives for an occasional healthy vacation. I hope the men won't give in to the few militant women on this issue.

TEMPLE WANAMAKER



*U.S. Consul at Nassau,
Bahamas*

Only on an amendment to the constitution of the U.S. Power Squadrons which now limits membership to males. Women are active in almost everything. They serve as WAVES in the Navy and SPARs in the Coast Guard, but they do not go to sea. Perhaps women should compete with men.

WINNIE SANDS



*Owner of the
Enchantress
Nassau, Bahamas*

No. The majority of the members in the U.S. Power Squadrons are opposed to women members. Sure, the men like to get away from their wives, but they know that most women are poor seamen. The Miami Beach Rod and Reel Club admitted women for one year, then threw them out.

COL. HENRY R. DUTTON



*General Manager
British Colonial Hotel
Nassau, Bahamas*

Today women are commanders in all sports. Few men do a better job on my boat. Argus than my wife, Edna, when it comes to handling sheets or taking the wheel. The Power Squadrons are saying: "What's left for the men?" My answer is: "We still have the women. God bless them."

MRS. EVELYN CRISE



*Owner of the cruiser
Golden Fleece, Miami*

Absolutely not. There are some things men can do better than women. Boating is one of them. How many women could take a cruise from New York to Nassau? The one who can is a very rare exception. No woman will seriously argue. So why should women be members of the Power Squadrons?

OTTO FUERST



*New York, Stock-
broker and railroad
director*

Women should have full membership. They are more careful than men in handling power cats or boats. Anything an intelligent woman sets her mind to she can do. Cleopatra controlled Julius Caesar and Mark Anthony. She could also captain a trimaran as skillfully as any navigator.

BOBBY SYMOMETTE



*Commodore
Nassau Yacht Club*

If the Power Squadrons don't want them, no. The English Royal Yacht Squadron and the Miami Beach Rod and Reel Club don't allow women members. The Royal Bermuda Yacht Club only recently capitulated for their annex. Few women are qualified to take a boat out in any weather.

ANN DAVISON



*Who sailed the 23-foot
Felicity Ann across
the Atlantic alone*

There is no compelling reason why they should be admitted and there's no point in trying to compete with the men. If you look on the Power Squadrons as a Naval reserve for war, do we women really want to get into it? Frankly, all the men I know who sail, sail much better than I do.

RICHARD E. N. WEINGART



*Owner of the yacht
Serendip, New York
City*

Yes. My wife took the course sponsored by the North River Power Squadron in New York and finished second with an average of 99.5%. Once, when the skipper and I were grown to the gills, she took charge. The Power Squadrons are always ready to help the Coast Guard. Why not a women's division?

WEEKEND SHOPPER

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DARK HORSE POWER

SIR:

WITH AUTOMAKERS' BAY ON SPEED AND HORSEPOWER IN ADVERTISING, HOW ABOUT CARTOON OF CAR SALESMAN WITH PICTURES OF CARS AND SPEED PINNED INSIDE COAT, LIKE FRENCH FRENCH POSTCARDS? FUNNY LINE: "WE'LL GET 60 IN SECOND GEAR."

ARLHNE, TEXAS

WARDEN BURNETT

- Like this? See below and page 33.—ED.



Past!

MOTOR SPORTS: THE REAL MESSAGE
SIR:

Am I wrong in assuming that manhood is achieved by an individual when he demands as a right the responsibility for his every voluntary action?

The voice of the Vatican and the feeble blast of Billy Graham (SI, May 27) would indicate the contempt they have for the racing enthusiast's mentality, and while this is annoying it is not unbearable. What fills one with rage is the insolent, cruelly inhuman implication that we are incapable and unworthy of manhood.

To hint that the Mille Miglia victims were murdered is to say clearly and unequivocally that they were either lured against their judgment to death or were so dim-witted and lacking in judgment that they assumed they were attending a volleyball tournament. . . .

De Portago's article revealed an intelligent and delightfully witty man, and its real message was that when man stops hunting for adventure and danger he will wither on the vine.

G. M. HOWELL

Clarens, Fla.

MOTOR SPORTS: A NOTION OF LIFE
SIR:

Admittedly, a number of people died at the Mille Miglia. I was talking to Ernie McKeef approximately two weekends before he was done in at Pebble Beach last year, and he made one statement that still lives: "People die in bathrubs, you know." Before Ernie checked out he had accomplished what he set out to do: at Santa Barbara he took the under-1,500-cc event in an OSCA and the over-1,500-cc event in the same Ferrari he died in. He was 42 years old, and he lived all 42 of them!

By the same token I admire the young Spanish nobleman; he certainly did not leave this particular life without having some notion what life was all about.

H. E. McDONALD

Van Nuys, Calif.

MOTOR SPORTS: NO OTHER WAY
SIR:

The Vatican's *L'Osservatore Romano* says, speaking of Alfonso de Portago:

"The unhappy man declared that nothing terrified him more than to lose control of his machine."

Unhappy? I don't think so. He was doing what he loved best of all the sports in which he had ever competed, and I'm sure that he would have had it no other way.

BOB GREY

Port Angeles, Wash.

MOTOR SPORTS:
SPEECHLESS ELOQUENCE
SIR:

I have attempted to write you a coherent reaction to the letter of Ellen Oliver (19th HOLE, June 3) who says of the tragic events of the recent Mille Miglia, "If death in any form horrifies you, you may be illustrated, but you are no sports." I cannot. I am speechless with horror.

MRS. JOHN W. LINCOLN

Milwaukee

MOTOR SPORTS: GREAT REVIVAL
SIR:

I salute the Marquis de Portago. . . . He lived well, he wrote well, he drove well and he died well.

H. FREDERIC DOBSON JR.

Hayville, Kans.

MOTOR SPORTS: IT KEEPS THEM OFF
THE STREETS
SIR:

I enjoyed the article *Speed—and Indianapolis* by Ken Rudeen. Racing such as is carried on in the U.S. must never be banned. It proves an invaluable outlet for both fans and participants who would otherwise be forced to vent their speed mania on the public highways.

EDWARD BAYCHELOR

Bridgeport, Conn.

- The circumstances of De Portago's death have caused some searching of souls among thoughtful people everywhere. The great majority of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* writing readers appear to accept that racing is a sport (as opposed to the "games" of tennis, football, soccer) of which the risk of life and limb is an integral part. —ED.

BASEBALL: UNERRING SCORERS
SIR:

Reader Weatherford, a stranger, and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* a friend, presume to read (19th HOLE, June 3). I am the official scorer at Yankee Stadium and deny both the prejudice accorded me by Mr. Weatherford and the lack of objectivity by *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

In scoring a hit for Lemon on the Mantle stuff, I took into consideration the high wind which caused fly balls to twist and veer off natural course, a climatic condition particularly evident that afternoon. Three other outfielders in the game stumbled uncertainly under drives and managed to grab them.

I had no intention of favoring Mantle or Lemon. A couple of days earlier, Nellie Fox of Chicago hit an even longer ball to center which Mantle dropped after a run. I called it an error because I believed he had missed the ball. In the Lemon case, I thought the wind swooped it away from him. The Yankee players in the bullpen backed up my

views. Mantle, to his credit, would not alibi the play.

Fox, incidentally, screamed that he had been robbed of a triple by me. I sent him, through White Sox publicity man Ed Sheet, pictures to prove the error.

As for Mr. Weatherford's suggestion about having a person other than a baseball writer do the scoring—bally. I have advocated that for years. But no umpire wants the headache. And as for the \$21 per game, I doubt that any baseball writer needs it. I am well paid by the New York Daily News and was buying gas for my Cadillac before I became an official scorer. Scoring is an honor, not a livelihood, sir.

I don't know Mr. Weatherford's business, but I hope that the mistakes he makes and the judgments handed down are not the result of "prejudice" or a "partisan attitude."

JOE TRIMBLE
President, New York Chapter
Baseball Writers' Association
of America
Flushing, N.Y.

● We agree with Mr. Trimble, a friend, that to be official scorer is an honor, indeed, and assure him that we spoke without prejudice or partisanship, sir.—ED.

BASEBALL: THAT GLORIOUS PRIVILEGE

Sir: It is with heavy heart I take up my pen, but I have reached the breaking point. I can endure it when you make disparaging remarks about my favorite athletes or fail to mention them at all. I can treat it philosophically when you, at the beginning of every season, discount the chances of my beloved Chicago White Sox. But when you give not one line, not one pica of space to the best game pitched in either league this year, I am broken. My favorite ballplayer, the light of my life, the best right-handed pitcher in the American League, Dick Donovan, pitches a one-hitter, facing only 28 batters, and your publication is seemingly unaware. Clem Labine gets a song written about him. His team isn't even heading the league.

I know I shall feel like the lowest sort of crawling thing when I get your obviously sincere, completely witty, utterly playing-the-games-analike, terrifically nice apology—but anything for my Dickie.

In case you get suspicious when you see the signature, I have not the honor of being related to Mr. Donovan; it is my glorious privilege to regard him with hero worship, write him adoring letters, and become happily enraptured when he is so charmingly kind as to write to me. Being but 14 years old, I am allowed to engage in such insanities.

MARY DONOVAN

Falls Church, Va.

● What is there to say but, gosh, we're sorry.—ED.

BASEBALL: NEW FACES

Sir: I give you my most profound congratulations on the article about Don Hoak by Roy Terrell (SI, May 27). It's good to read about a new face once in a while.

FRANK M. HOAK III (no relation)
Los Gatos, Calif.

DAME JULIANA: SCHOLARLY SPORT

Sir:

The Dame Juliana Bormers articles (SI, May 15 et seq.) were a masterly wedding of scholarship and sports.

Who can say America is uncultured when a masterpiece like this appears in a popular sporting magazine?

You are to be commended for publishing it, and the authors for producing it.

REV. C. H. BOPP, S.T.M.

Bishop, Calif.

DAME JULIANA: CUTE AND ACUTE

Sir:

Many thanks for the publication of *The Lady and the Trout*.

It is remarkable that the winds of Old England 500 years ago are like those of Michigan today: when the wind is in the east, fishing is best; in the west, fishermen won't go forth; in the south, it puts bait in the fish's mouth; and in the west, fishing is best.

It would be a fine thing if Dame Juliana's ethics and the cute and acute suggestions of Mr. Wynkyn de Worde were to be adopted by conservationists as a kind of oath of Hippocrates.

DR. ROBERT R. DIETKLE
Ann Arbor, Mich.

HOTBOX: CHANGE OF HEART

Sir:

I used to like people much better than dogs but after reading the answers to your HOTBOX question (SI, May 27) I have decided I like dogs much better than people.

NEIL C. SPRINGSBORN
Middletown, Conn.

HOTBOX: MORE IN SORROW THAN ANGER

Sir:

It is a sad commentary on man when he prefers a dog over a fellow man. No wonder the world is in such sad shape!

The men and women who answered your Hotbox in favor of dogs need to be pitied more than honored.

MILTON R. CHESTER

Madison, N.J.

HOTBOX: MAN'S VERY BEST FRIEND

Sir:

Both the question, "Which do you like better, dogs or people?" and the answers were excellent. However, a better question would have been, "Which do you like best, earthworms, dogs or people?"

Earthworms never cause anyone any trouble. They require no special care or feeding, and they never wake you up in the middle of the night by barking and howling. Earthworms never get rabies, mange, measles, neurosis, athlete's foot or paranoia, and, consequently, they never run up large medical bills. I have been bitten several times by dogs and small boys, but never by earthworms. Earthworms are never disloyal to their friends (they don't have any) or to their masters. In fact, many of them are more loyal than some dogs (not every dog would give its life just to get its master a fish). Furthermore, earthworms do not engage in crime, wars or slander, and no earthworm has ever been known to assassinate a president.

So, you see, earthworms are better than both dogs and people.

WALTER SYKES

Bethesda, Md.

FITNESS: CONVINCING TESTIMONY

Sir:

Our *Town's Secret* (SI, May 27), in very lively style, adds convincing testimony in support of the youth fitness program.

Stories such as this contribute a great deal to our program to alert the people of the nation to the need for constant attention to youth fitness. It is a pleasure to thank and commend *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for its interest in and cooperation with the youth fitness program, and to congratulate Miss Stull, who wrote the article, and Coach DeGroat and Miss Anderson.

SHANE MAC CARTHY
Executive Director

President's Council on Youth Fitness
Washington, D.C.

FITNESS: PROGRESS IN PRINCETON

Sir:

Regarding your encouraging report on the physical fitness of some American youngsters, I am delighted to inform you that the secret is out.

Newtown High School may well have recorded the highest score on the tolltale Kraus-Weber test among high schools, but certainly the grade schools of Princeton, N.J. are holding their own. In a recent effort, 558 children in grades three to eight took the test for flexibility and strength, and 82.3% of these students passed. If I am not mistaken, this showing beats even the splendid Newtown High mark.

Incidentally, the supervisor of the testing program in Princeton is Irwin W. Weiss, director of the physical education department, a vigorous gentleman from the Harold S. DeGroat school of rugged individuals. At the 50-year mark, Coach Weiss is still a wielder for physical fitness—in himself as well as his charges—and continues to rank as one of the East's top football officials.

ASA S. BUCHENELL III

Princeton, N.J.

FITNESS: UP IN MIDDLE GRANVILLE

Sir:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has again performed a service for the advocates of more adequate physical education programs.

Your article on Harold DeGroat's program at Newtown points out what can be done where there are adequate facilities, personnel and time devoted to physical education.

Most communities are all too unsuccessful in meeting these standards. According to a study which I made two years ago of 26 schools in New York State, which is considered above average, the pupil-instructor ratio was approximately an average of 350 to 1. There were extremes of one gymnasium for 1,400 pupils and one instructor for 900 pupils. Under these conditions it is physically impossible to give an adequate physical education program.

If more schools would give the time to physical education we could soon bring down the failure rate on the Kraus-Weber test from 37.9% to approach the European rate of 87%. Newtown, with one hour a day, has only 11.8 and in our own school, with 135 minutes a week of class instruction, which is considerably above average, our failure rate, when the test was administered following *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s feature on the test (SI, May 27), was 21%.

PAUL FISH

Middle Granville, N.Y.

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CARTER L. BURGESS

"To alert the country on what can and should be done to reach the much desired goal of a happier, healthier and more totally fit youth in America," President Eisenhower has appointed 119 educators, journalists and businessmen to a Citizens Advisory Committee to work with the President's Council on Youth Fitness. To make doubly sure that the job gets done, the President designated Carter Burgess, president of Trans World Airlines, Inc. and a hard-bitten genius at articulating a problem and then getting it solved, to head the new committee. Burgess has done spectacularly well in government service and business. During World War II he rose from military police lieutenant to full colonel and secretary to the SHAEF general staff. Heading for Washington afterwards, Burgess started as an aide in the State Department, left recently as Assistant Secretary of Defense to become, at 40, the youngest chief of a major airline. The task posed to Burgess and his associates is to build grass-roots enthusiasm for the President's fitness program and to furnish what Burgess has called "organizational xip" to translate this enthusiasm into action. Carter Burgess might well be the man to accomplish this.



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SWEPT-WING

Dodge

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